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VOLUME 20
NUMBER 1

SPECIAL ISSUE

GIRL OF THE YEAR

YOUR FAVOURITE CLUB BEAUTY STRIPS ON PAGE 34

BUM-PER BIRTHDAY SPECIAL

GINNY *IS OUR VIRGIN BRIDE*

COVER GIRL ALEX SAYS 'STROKE MY BOTTOM!'

THE HORNIEST MAG IN THE KNOWN UNIVERSE!

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IT'S WHAMMY, IT'S WOW, IT'S MEGA HUGE, IT'S ON SALE NOW

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MEN'S WORLD

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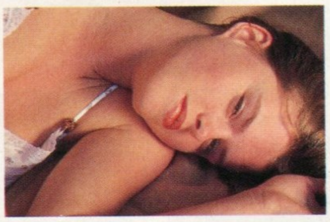

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TEASE!

THIS · MONTH · IN · CLUB

Get stuck behind our well-stacked Lori

It was all going to be different this year. To celebrate our 20th birthday, the whole complex operation that is Club International was going to run efficiently. The girls would come through the office in a steady stream, the photographers would take their lens caps off, the art department would come back from the pub, the secretary's typing would be comprehensible, and I would write Tease! on time.

Actually, just about everything else *has* happened – but of course I'm still late. As I write this, every letter is being set in type and put on a seperate bike to be rushed 100 miles up the M1 to the printers. Which is sort of efficient, I suppose, but I'm not looking forward to the boss seeing the courier bill.

Why, you might ask (because the boss will), am I the only one who is late? Is it because of my turbulent personal life (currently dating three younger women, four older ladies and a gnu)? Health problems, perhaps (seven cases of alcoholic poisoning in the last week)? Or overwork (mowing the 300-acre lawn on the palatial Club HQ roof garden is certainly no picnic)?

No, dear reader, it is none of these. Put yourself in my shoes for a moment: imagine you come into the Club HQ on a rainy Monday morning. You are faced with a choice: do you look at lots of photos of stunning women while enjoying a cup of tea and a fag, or do you sit and write 400 words of wit and wisdom for page four of the mag?

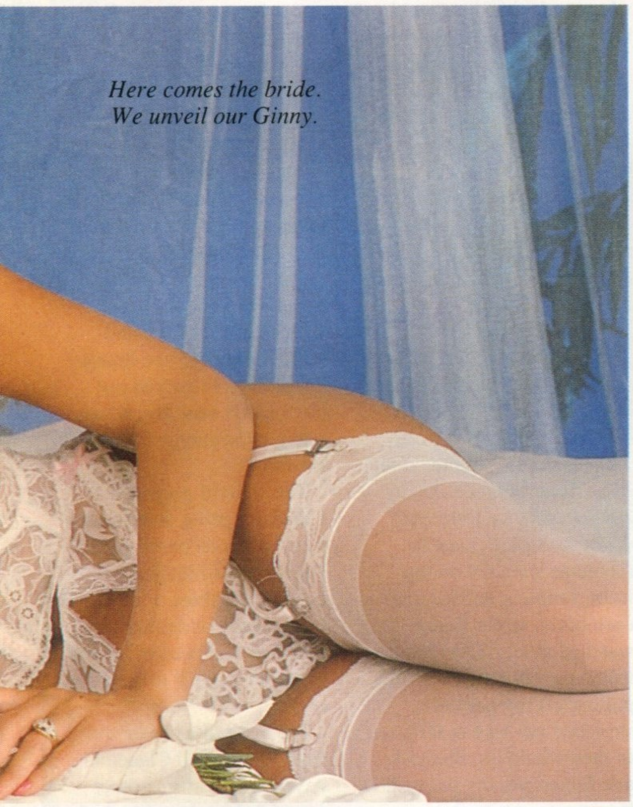
Yep, you've guessed it: I went for the women. I am therefore so late with this editorial that it may not get into the magazine at all. And even if it does, they might not be able to wait for all of it. Before I get to the really good bit at the end, I might well be cut off in mid- ♣

Cuddle up to Cathy

Lie down with Lana

Ice-cool is Alex

Raunchy Racquel shows off her soft furnishings



Here comes the bride. We unveil our Ginny.

COME AGAIN

the girl you've asked to see

Our sexy centrefold, 19-year-old Jo from Vol 19 No 12, turned out to be popular with just about everyone... especially our post-room!

The guys and gals at the palatial Club HQ put in hours of overtime sorting out the sackloads of fanmail you sent to her — and she's reading every single one of 'em!

The post-room team reckons it was all worth it though, especially when Jo paid them all a special visit to thank each and every one of them personally!

Who knows, it could be you that gets the personal treatment next time! ♣

IN·THE·BAG

If you've been at it like a rabbit, then send your rampant ramblings to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

IN AND OUT

*Style guru **Terence Trendy** spills the beans on what's in and what's out for the coming month, so take note...*

IN	OUT
A-Wank-A-Day	Wacaday
No money	Money
Bathing in mud	Flotation tanks
Mad cows	Mad politicians
False teeth	Fillings
Goatee beards	Moustaches
Madonna's lips	Madonna's tits
Complete wallys	Gazza
Duffle bags	Colostomy bags
Dog pounds	Pounds sterling
Rollies	Benson & Hedges

Have A Nice Play!

I love reading readers' letters in Club, but my all-time favourite has to be from Bev, in Vol 19 No 8. She worked in a newsagent, and she concluded her letter by asking if men found it a turn-on being sold Club by a woman. Personally speaking, the answer is definitely yes!

I always try to buy Club where there's a girl working in the shop. The thought that she knows I'm going home to get horny over all the beautiful women on every page really gets me going, and it certainly does not have the same effect on me if it's a male assistant serving me!

Bev also said she had long thought of saying, "Have a nice play!" (or words to that effect!) but had never plucked up the courage. I would be delighted if a female shop assistant said that to me — indeed, she would be more than welcome to watch if she wanted! — *Alex, Cambridge*

Two Into One Will Go

My girlfriend and I really love Club — it's full of the most beautiful girls we've ever seen. We'd like to tell you about something that happened to us a couple of weeks ago, and then we'll know for sure that all the sexy stories we love are true!

My name is Debbie, and I'm 19, with a 38D-24-36 figure. My girlfriend Karen is 18, and 36-24-34. She has cropped blonde hair, while mine is long and dark brown. We think we suit each other perfectly!

Anyway, we were getting ready to go to a party one night last week when there was a ring on the doorbell. Karen ran downstairs with just a towel wrapped round her. To her great surprise, it was Claudette, an old school friend of ours.

Well, we all got talking, not having seen each other for a couple of years, and Claudette said she'd come to the party with us. I lent her a dress to wear, and she started undressing. We didn't know where to look! Since we'd last seen her, she'd developed a terrific figure, and as she stood there in skimpy red knickers, stockings and suspenders, we both realised how gorgeous she was.

Claudette was smoking a cigarette, blowing smoke rings that bounced off her lovely boobs, and Karen and I were both totally mesmerised.

"Do you like what you see?" Claudette asked us, and of course we both nodded eagerly.

Claudette kissed me, at the same time stripping off my clothes until we were both down to our knickers. In moments we were on the floor, fondling and kissing each other, while Karen watched avidly. Claudette rolled me onto my back and, pulling off my panties, stretched my legs as far apart as they would go. She slid one finger into my pussy, and Karen was obviously fascinated to see the long red fingernail disappearing into my tight hole.

I had never been as wet in my life, and when Claudette replaced her finger with her tongue it was almost too much for me. I'd always thought Karen was great at licking me out, until Claudette did it! She fucked me hard with her tongue, until I'd come twice.

Then it was Claudette's turn to get a good licking, so she lowered her wet crack over my mouth for me to lick and suck. I held her pussy lips wide open as I pushed my tongue into her. It wasn't until Claudette had come noisily that I suddenly remembered my lover Karen was there.

I needn't have worried though, as she was in a world of her own, frigging herself like crazy. Claudette gasped as she saw how wet Karen was, and pulled my lover towards her. I wasn't sure how Karen would react, as she'd always been quite possessive, but she just grinned at Claudette and said, "Come on, you horny bitch! You've sucked my girlfriend's cunt dry, haven't you got the energy to suck me too?"

The sight of gorgeous Claudette going down on my lover's blonde pussy is one I'll never forget! That evening the three of us fucked each other into oblivion, and needless to say we never made it to the party at all!

The three of us spent the night in bed, and Claudette stayed with us for another day of lesbian lust. She and her girlfriend Jo are coming to stay with us... I can't wait! *— Debbie, Romford*

A grave digger

CLUBBED TO DEATH!!!

The Ed after a week in the back issues cupboard. (It's an early Club fashion shot ack-sher-ly)

This issue marks our 20th birthday. Twenty years of Club International — can it be true? Unfortunately, yes. And what a load of old pony most of it was.

The Editor, who had planned a 50-page nostalgia feature on the golden days of Club, locked himself in a basement room for a week with every single issue piled up around him. He went in a normal, well-presented man in his early 30s. He came out a gibbering, 80-year-old wreck wearing stack heels and terylene flares.

After we'd sent him down the local to recover, we took a look for ourselves. There were some nice women, though they were a little on the chubby side and the printing made them all look like they'd been covered in wholemeal flour. But bugger us, there was some boring old shite in the features, and as for the fashion... well, you can see for yourself.

So, there we were with a huge hole in the magazine and no words from the Ed to fill it. What did we do? Spot on — just filled it full of gorgeous girls. It's that sort of wise, considered editorial judgment which makes Club better now than it ever was before. It also gives us much more time to go to the pub. Make ours pints, OK?

CLUB THROUGH THE YEARS

1971

Club International hits the streets. Has boring fashion features and lots of crap cars, but the girls are quite nice, even if their bikini pants came halfway up their tummies. A legend is born (but his name was Jason Donovan).

1972 – 1987

We've lost all the magazines from these years, so we don't really know what happened.

1988 – 1991

Club is really brilliant because it's stuffed with the prettiest girls in the world and they're all rather rude too. Doesn't have any boring fashion features and only a little bit of crap about cars. Becomes known the world over as "you know – that one with all the pretty girls in it". Staff are drunk. ♣

Top Ten Corner

1. Ginny — *regular Club girl*
2. Ulrika Jonsson — *weather girl*
3. Joanne Whalley-Kilmer — *actress*
4. Shelley — *Vol 19 No 11*
5. Jenny Powell — *TV presenter*
6. Fiona Fullerton — *actress*
7. Lisa Aziz — *news reader*
8. Neneh Cherry — *singer*
9. Roxanne — *Vol 19 No 11*
10. Lysette Anthony — *actress*

Ian, Chapeltown. ♣

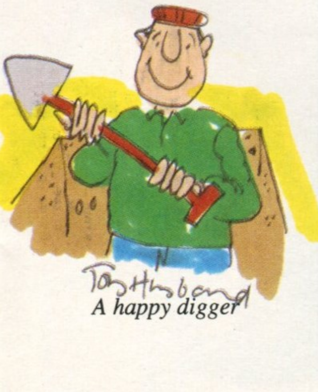
Sexy Education

I've just left college after finishing a degree, part of which involved biology. My biology teacher, Michelle, was the sexiest brunette I've ever seen. She was tall, with a great figure, and wonderful curly hair. I just couldn't concentrate during her classes at all — I used to sit there undressing her with my eyes and imagining all the sex games I'd like to play with her.

One Friday, she wasn't her normal self at all. She kept snapping at people for no reason during her lesson, and I wondered what had happened to upset her. Later that day I found out, quite by chance. I was in my local when I saw her with some other people I knew, and I got talking to her. She was already tanked up to the point where she'd lost her inhibitions, and she'd obviously forgotten that I was her college pupil!

During the conversation I learnt that she had just left her husband, and was missing sex like crazy. I couldn't help hoping that I might be in with a chance. When she went to

continued on page 24



A happy digger

lori
Photographs by Roberto Rocci

With a name like Lori, it will come as no surprise to find that our gorgeous 19-year-old comes from the good ol' U S of A; home of apple pie, big cars... and nice bums! "That's right guys! I'm over here on vacation for about a year or so, you know, sort of sampling the English way of life: the food,

the clubs — and the men! "I'm the kind of girl who really knows how to enjoy myself when I'm away from home, and I intend to have as much fun as I can. What is it you English say, 'When in Rome?' and all that." 'When in Brighton' would be more like it, but we get your drift, Lori! ♣

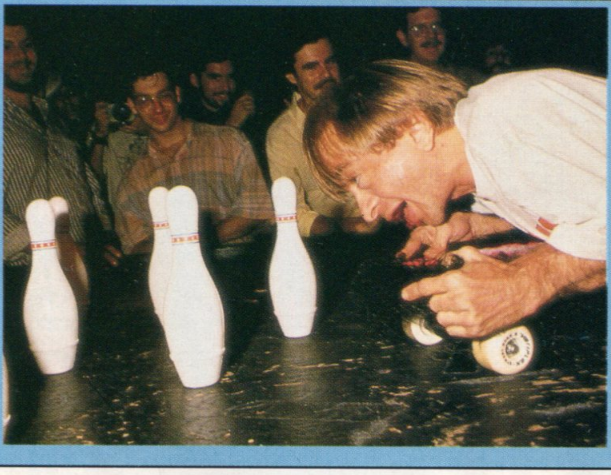
NUTTER'S CORNER

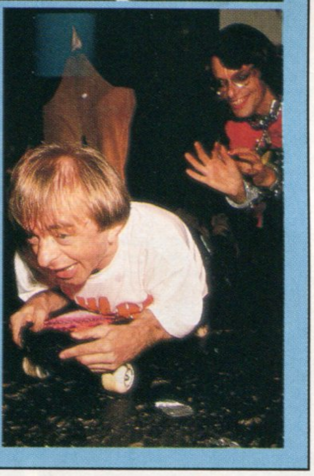
Our 'in very dubious taste' department writes: **After sitting on these photos for three months because "They're a bit sick, aren't they?" the Ed has finally handed them over to us – and, of course, we're slapping them straight in the mag.**

Midget bowling is a challenging and serious new sport which is sweeping the USA (it says here). It involves a midget (name of Mike Anderson in this case) being strapped to a skateboard and propelled at high speed down a lane into ten genuine bowling pins, which he then strikes with his head.

Now it doesn't take a genius to realise that bowling pins are somewhat harder than heads, so Mike has had a number of bone fractures during his new career. Nevertheless, he reckons, "It's a great way to make a buck."

Okay, it's very sick indeed. Perhaps we shouldn't run it after all... shit, too late! Address your complaints to the Editor...♣





GOBBLE!

New Year is a time to rejoice and embrace your fellow man... unless that fellow man is our resident miserable sod and cordon bluff, ***Nathaniel Fatbastard****, 'cos he'll boke down the back of your shirt...*

Thank fuck that's over! I mean, much as I like the traditional side of Christmas — someone else cooking a huge meal, shitloads to drink, then farting through the Queen's Screech — it's nice to get back to normal. Ah, the comforts of home — not worrying about making a noise when you shit, being able to scratch your arse when your shreddies slip up your crack, and not having to kiss some hairy-lipped old biddy with Altzheimer's disease who's bought you a pencil case 'cos she still thinks you're 12 years old. Then just as things get back to normal, it all starts again with New Year's Heave.

New Year offers three options — party, pub or pissing about at home. All three are crap. Take a couple of years ago when I went to fellow restaurant reviewer Lydia Peugeot-Hatchback's do. As a party it was about as successful as the SDP only with more people, however it gave Lydia the chance to invite all her media-ocre friends. I was greeted in the traditional way.

"Natty, my darling, how lovely!" she screamed, putting her lips three inches from my cheek, pouting and shouting, "Mmmmmwaah!" She then led me into the packed lounge, which smelt like a Boots cosmetic counter after the Saturday staff had had a water fight with the tester sprays.

"If you fancy a nibble and dip, there's a table over there," she said.

"I'd rather eat first..." I quipped, but she had already moved on, so I crossed the Chanel to get a full faceful of what passes for food at these occasions.

The good old days of French bread, cheese and big-twatter tins of beer have gone. The party fours have become petit-fours, and you're forced to crunch your way through foreign crisps like *Bilious Fogg's Mexican Tortilla Craps* (£1.50 a bag) or Measly Morceaux (lumps of stale bread usually put out for starlings but now sold as croutons for cretins at £1.99). There are also *Crudites* — appropriately named raw veg like carrots scraped to look like miniature orange willies.

To accompany these there are various vats of what looks like green snot (avocado), pink calamine lotion (taramasalata) and pus (blue cheese dressing). The only substantial food stuff is pitta bread which is remarkably similar to eating a Jiffy bag. The only booze is a dry uninspired wine — which also sums up the evening's conversation.

By midnight, they were all 'a bit squiffy', so there was a great deal of cheering as Big Ben appeared on the 26 inch Toshiba and chimed in Nicam Digital Stereo. Then I had to join hands with Jilly Crapper, Miriam Stoppit, Melyvn Dragg and all the others at the big knob end of showbiz for *Auld Lang Syne*. It was about as much fun as playing musical chairs with haemorrhoids.

The pub isn't much better either. Generally, even the grimmest gaff insists on some sort of celebration. At *The Stain and Sticky Carpet* (180 Take-Away Street, Catford) big Bella the barmaid forces herself into a giant reconstruction of her old school uniform, with enough lipstick to repaint a pillar box. Beware! Come midnight, she insists on kissing you, and if you're not careful then your whole head slips inside.

At this time of year, *The Stain* specialises in Christmas decorations. Everywhere about head-height is crammed with inflated condoms, Rizla paper chains and glittery balls which were brought in by the landlord's pet Rottweiler, Stallone.

Up the road at *Trollops Wine Bar* (850, Lewisham By-Pass, SE16), it's fun

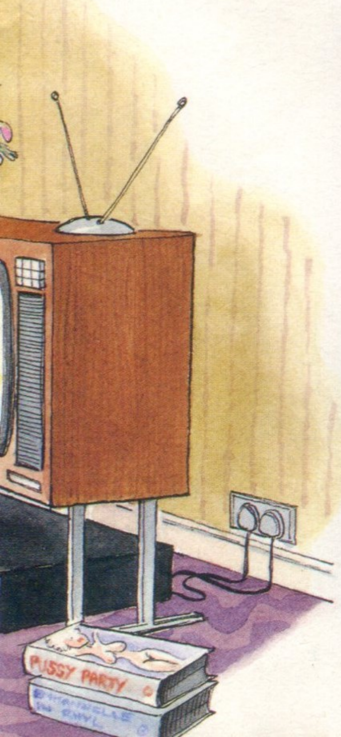
night, and fancy dress is compulsory. Such brilliantly original characters as St. Trinians girls, French maids and tarts (and that's just the blokes) cram into a space the size of a small terraced living room — which is exactly what it was before Mrs Thatcher allowed even the most talentless twat to get rich by buying property. High interest rates are the best thing that happened — now they can't even afford a glass of House Shite.

Trollops has what is known as a Cold Table — small bowls of crap with overpriced French bread — just like you used to get at parties but at £5.50 a head. I particularly recommend avoiding the Hatchback Driver's Lunch (£8.50) and the Black Forest Hill Gateaux (£2.50 a slice). If you get as far as the bus stop after that, you're a better man than I.

The only pub I know that isn't full of arseholes on New Year's Eve is *The Miserable Sod* (Top of t'beck, Grislydale, North Yorkshire). In fact the only way you'd know the place is a pub at all is the small sign depicting a sullen lump of turf creaking in the gale. The landlord, Alf Itchingbottom, has no jukebox, no piano and practically no customers. On New Year's Eve he celebrates with extended closing hours and a strict 'no smiling' policy. Come a windy night, they say you can still hear the howls of agony from the last man who dared bring a party popper into the village.

If you can't get there, the only option is to stay at home. But with smug shits on TV like Snide James reviewing the year with a brilliantly incisive piece written by 20 different hacks who normally write crap quickies for Little and Large, even that's shite. Mind you, it's a fuck sight better that a night racked with Andy Stewart and Moira Anderson on the other side.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot and never brought to mind? Course they fucking should. Oh God, just the thought of Andy Stewart's knees make me want to — bleeugghhh! ♣



SON OF BAD JOKE

This month's scatological side-splitter comes from Mike from the West Midlands. Actually we don't reckon that 'Mike' is his real name and we have good reason to suspect that he doesn't come from the West Midlands either, because the spelling was too good. But if we went round telling jokes like this we'd keep our identity a well-guarded secret too...

Once there was a Red Indian called Bowels. One day the council officials visited him and said he had to move because of new road construction. Bowels set off to the city to talk to the Planning Department, but he was so unfamiliar with the place that he ended up at a doctor's surgery.

"What's the problem?" the doctor asked.

"Bowels no move," replied the Indian.

"Okay," said the doctor, "take these pills and come back tomorrow."

When Bowels returned the following day, he told the doctor, "Bowels still no move." The doctor was surprised, but gave him some more pills and told him to come back the next day.

On the third day, Bowels went back to the doctor, who asked him how he was. Bowels replied, "Bowels have to move, tepee full of shit."

Thanks, pal. As the first guy this decade to totally gross out the Editor, you've earned yourself a Club T-shirt — but because we don't believe your name or address we're going to keep it. So there! ♣

TOP TITS

Once upon a time there were two tits, Pinky and Perky. Pinky was a pinky colour, and Perky was sort of perky. They had lived side by side on a girl called Rosie for 21 years, but they were restless...

"There must be more to life than being wrapped up under a 44D bra all day!" Pinky complained.

"We only seem to get out at night!" Perky added. "You're right, there must be greater horizons to aspire to."

Rosie knew all was not well with her two bosom buddies; the way they writhed around under her clothes and wobbled all the time. So she took matters, and Pinky and Perky, into her own hands, and started to give her garbonzas the freedom they wanted, and attention from fawning male fans.

Then one day Rosie was taking her tits for a walk by a river when she fell into the water.

"Help! Help!" cried Rosie. "What a stupid cow I am. I never learned to swim!"

But all was not lost. Rosie's breasts realised her plight and worked out a plan just as Rosie was going under for the third time. The boobs took a big breath, making them inflate to ten times their size. This way Rosie managed float to the bank.

The moral of my story? Tits are our friends and happy tits never let you down! And learn to swim 'cos Rosie's tits won't be there when you're clumsy enough to fall in a river — *George Breast* ♣

she's here to turn you on!

ginny

Hi guys, I bet you never expected to see me as your blushing bride! Don't worry I'm still single, but like every girl, I love to daydream about walking down the aisle with a horny groom on

Photographs by Scott Evans

my arm. Slipping into all this smooth silk and frothy white lace made me feel so special — and very sexy. It was just like I was the virginal bride on her big day, about to be whisked away on honeymoon for her very first night of passion...

I can just imagine the sensuous feeling of your gentle fingers delicately touching me as my fabulous wedding dress falls onto the floor. I stand there before you in my white, lacy bra and panties, gazing lovingly into your eyes, longing for you to make love to me for the very first time. Then we kiss, my lips pressed firmly to yours for what seems like hours. You carry me in your strong arms to the bed and lay me down on the smooth satin sheets, and I tremble all over with anticipation as you caress my soft skin with your loving eyes. We murmur words of love and passion to one another as you gently stroke my whole body, brushing your lips over my sweet pink nipples and down to my neatly trimmed pussy. I feel like I've been waiting all my life for this wonderful moment, as your eager tongue slips between my wet pussy lips...

Mmm, I got quite carried away then. All this talk of marriage has made me feel very romantic, so come on guys, get down on one knee and propose. You never know, I might just say yes!

Till next month, aisle be seeing you!♣

If you want Ginny to fulfil your fantasy, then write to her at: Just Ginny, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. She'll do what you ask!

letters to Ginny

Dear Ginny,
You're such a dream that you get my imagination working overtime, so I just had to share my fantasy with you.

I'm an umpire at a tennis match in which you're playing. You're wearing a tight top, and your lovely nipples are sticking through; but what really gets me going is your little white skirt which rides up every time you move to reveal a tiny pair of white knickers.

Watching you as you run and jump gets me as horny as hell and by the way you are smiling at me I'm sure that you've noticed.

After the game you ask me to come to the dressing room, and you tell me that you've been feeling horny all through the game — and you had noticed my hard-on!

Next minute you have my cock in your mouth, and before I can help it my spunk explodes down your throat. You sit back smiling and start frigging yourself, at the same time rubbing the handle of the tennis racket in a very suggestive way!

This gets me going even more, and I stand behind you and rub your tits, then bend you over and push my cock deep into your pussy. I love doing it doggy style, and I would fuck you like crazy!
— Kenny, Clydebank

Well, Kenny, you certainly know how to tighten my strings, and if the two of us got together I'm sure we'd make a fair old racket! I'm not much of an expert when it comes to tennis, but I reckon with a coach like you my game would really come on in leaps and bounds. With my service and your delivery, I'm sure we'd win at mixed doubles — it might even be a love match!

Dear Ginny,
My cock is so excited at the thought of seeing you every month in Club. I really like to imagine you're watching me as I stroke it, trying to decide whether to come over your sensational bottom or your incredible pussy. Probably both! I know in the months to come you'll have me shooting my spunk all over

the place... I can't wait!

I can think of a million things I'd like to see you doing, but my horniest fantasy is to see you caressing your lovely body with baby oil.

I can just see you in a pink baby-doll nightie, glancing at me over your shoulder with that horny look, then lifting your boobs out of your nightie and pouring the oil all over them. I won't be able to hold my come back as you massage your skin with the scented oil. Finally you pull your nightie off, rubbing the oil all over your body until it's shining, just waiting for me to spurt a stream of spunk over you. Ginny, you're beautiful! *— Leon, Wigan*

Your horny letter really rubbed me up the right way, Leon. I love to have warm oil spread over my naked body and then massaged in — preferably by someone else, though I'll do it by myself if the mood takes me! Of course, my fingers always find their way down to my juicy little pussy before long, and the slippery oil makes them slide in and out so smoothly it's heaven!

Dear Ginny,

I can just imagine you serving on the ice cream stall in my home town in Italy. You turn towards me to fill my cone full of every type of ice cream on sale. So much, in fact, that in the sticky heat the ice cream would start to melt, and dribble down the cone onto your boobs. You would have to let that white overall slip off your smooth shoulders to stop the cold drops reaching your skin, but by then it would be too late, and the tingling sensation would be trickling down towards your little love box.

A flash from those eyes would be enough to make me run my tongue over the ice cream drops on your hardening nipples, then further down... You're invited to my ice cream party whenever you want to come! *— Stephano, Turin*

I love everything about ice cream, Stephano... the taste, the smell, and particularly the feel of it on my bare skin! I can imagine you dripping it all over me, then carefully licking up every last drop with that naughty tongue of yours! I'd be getting hotter and wetter by the second, so you can bet it wouldn't take long for it to melt.

Dear Ginny,

There I was, sitting in my car at a red light. I couldn't wait to get home to look at you in the latest copy of Club. Just when I was really getting impatient, a car pulled up alongside me with a gorgeous woman at the wheel. I couldn't believe my eyes, Ginny — it was you!

You gazed right at me and said, "You look really hot. Why not come back to my place for a swim?"

Of course I followed you home, and when you stepped out of your car my cock instantly stood to attention. You were only wearing a tight swimsuit that showed off your lovely body to perfection.

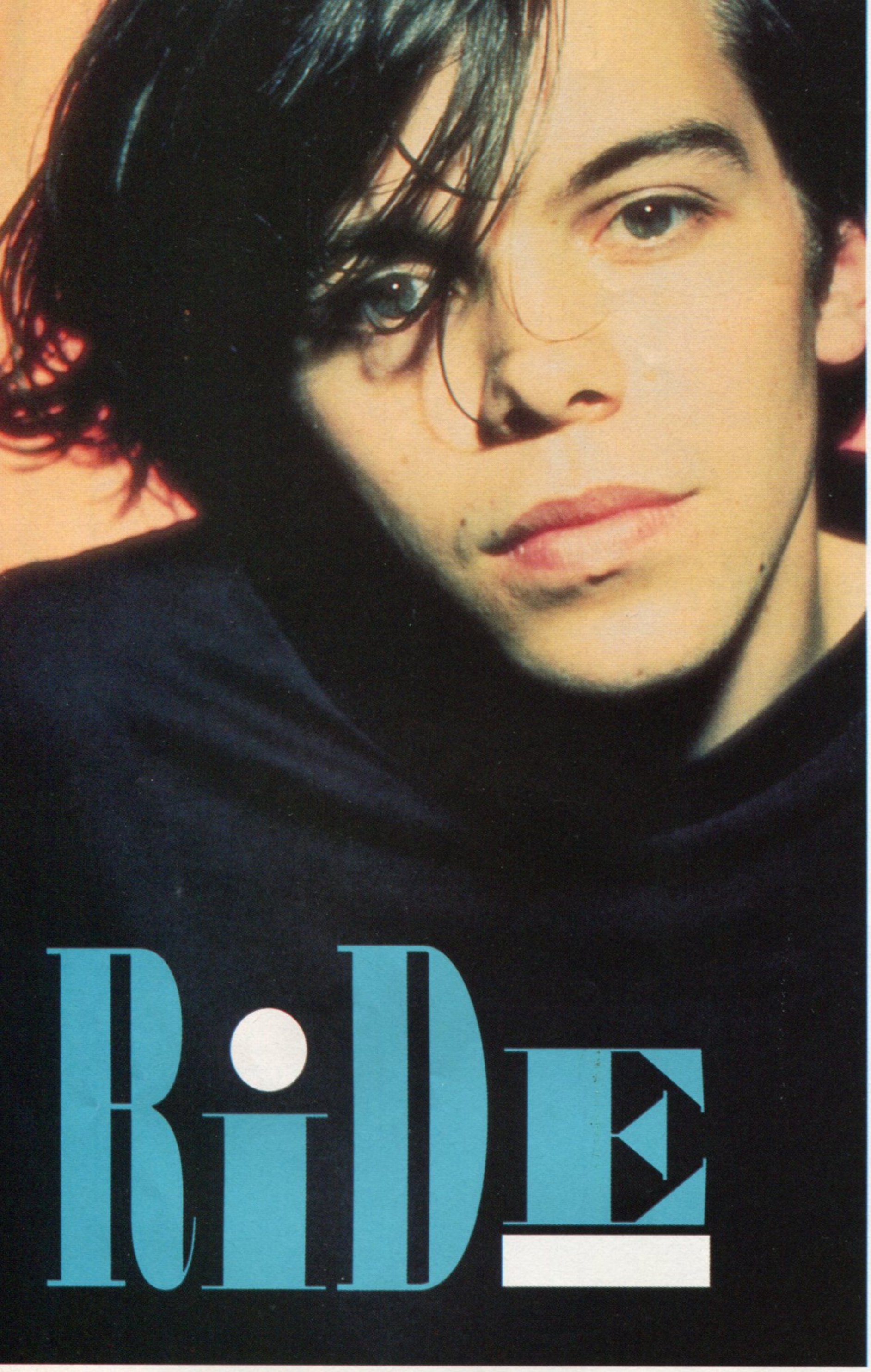
We sat by the outdoor pool, and you said, "It's too hot for clothes today!" I could scarcely control the grin on my face and the bulge in my trousers as you peeled off your swimsuit to reveal your hard nipples, and then your sweet shaved pussy.

As you walked towards me I couldn't get my clothes off fast enough! I was throbbing in anticipation as I imagined the delights to come — you taking my cock in your gorgeous mouth, me licking out that luscious love-box — I didn't know where to start!

You pulled me towards you with a smile and I heard... a car horn!

The lights had turned green, and I'd been sitting there in my car thinking about you with a massive tailback of angry drivers behind me! *— Martin, Leeds*

You sound like a pretty racy guy, Martin! I'm more of a back-seat driver myself, but I'm always impressed by a man whose engine is throbbing — and I can't wait to get my hands on your gear-stick! If you remember my first ever appearance in Club, way back in Vol 19 No 2, you'll know I've got a thing about sex in cars, so your filthy fantasy really drove me crazy!♣



RiDE

*Indie chart toppers Ride say they make non-statements when everything else is a statement (?!). Of course they do, but who's taking who for a ride? Pop plonker **Pierre Perrone** takes the university challenge to meet Oxford's latest drop-outs...*

Northern lads obsessed with dance music are the current kings of the British charts. And you can bet your bottom dollar that The Farm or Happy Mondays never spent much time studying for their O-levels.

Ride are at the opposite end of the spectrum. Following in the footsteps of The Jesus & Mary Chain, The Wedding Present and House Of Love, they strum their guitars like house music never happened. To further reinforce the north-south divide, the four-piece met when they went on an arts foundation course in Banbury, near Oxford.

Mark Gardener, the singer and guitarist, nervously plays with his black fringe. He's on the defensive, expecting comparisons with every other pompous art-school band that ever walked on stage.

"The course started with us really keen," he explains. "There wasn't a plan to get a band together at that time. We were all going to do some painting and stuff. By the second term, it was like half painting, half practising the music. By the third term, it was totally music. We failed the course. It was the year when you decide whether you want to move on and do a degree. In the end we decided the band was what we wanted to do."

So is it relevant that Ride come from Oxford? Mark is in two minds: "It's the place where we all met, it could have been anywhere. Having said that, it is important because for the first time in my life I went to a place where there were a lot of creative people. Until then, in the sixth form I was considered a waster because I was into arty things, not into physics and science which totally bores me.

"For our third record sleeve we went for something fans couldn't throw at us — penguins"

"Banbury was also pretty boring. The general vibe was to get away from it. There was never any kind of a musical scene or a musical heritage so we were outside all the happening scenes and could develop our own sound."

Being outsiders gave Mark, Andy Bell (guitar and vocals), Stephen Querault (bass) and Laurence Colbert (drums) the edge they needed. They played many support gigs, attracting the attention of a host of major record companies. However, they resisted the lure of money and opted for Creation records, one of the most talked about indie labels of the last few years. What prompted Ride's decision?

"We get on well with them as people," enthuses Gardener. "Alan McGee is a great guy to have around a band. He used to come to our gigs before we even signed to his label. We're all music enthusiasts and Creation has a family kind of atmosphere. You can go into the office and find out what Primal Scream are up to.

"Seeing McGee rushing around and raving on about your record is great. And he gave us artistic control over everything: sleeves, material, you name it."

1990 was a great year for Ride. In the space of 12 months, they went from releasing EPs to getting chart placings, making an album and touring outside Britain. Mark takes it all in his stride though he admits that "the success has been quite surprising. We didn't expect our records to gradually get into the charts. They were only 12" EPs, we didn't even release 7" versions though we did have CDs."

Sales might have had something to do with the fact that, rather than offer an A-side and a throwaway B-side, Ride opted instead to release four tracks on each of these EPs. "We thought it would be better quality. We had to single out the odd track to do videos but we put as much work into each song. It meant that when people came along to our gigs, they didn't expect just the one song but had three or four to look forward to." A wise tactic considering how dedicated their following has become.

The singer claims that all three EPs "are representative of the way the band was at the time. I don't really have a favourite. It's hard to be objective about what we do. We're so involved in it, we can't listen to it the way you do other bands."

So what do Ride listen to? "A lot of 60s bands, Creation bands. We listened to their stuff even before we were signed to them. Also some of the American bands like The Pixies, Sonic Youth, Dinosaur Jr. It's just a total cross section.

"We're also into 4 AD stuff like The Cocteau Twins. Some of their songs are really fluffy, there's hardly any words but you know what they're trying to achieve. I like to get my own feelings from lyrics, not to have them all explained in black and white," adds Gardener.

"Getting a live sound down doesn't necessarily make for a good record. You must use what a studio has to offer. *Dreams Burn Down* is like beating your head against a barn door. It's a frustrated song. One minute you're feeling good and then you're crashing down to earth with the guitars adding to the effect. But I don't really like explaining things. You should draw your own conclusions.

"Our lyrics don't ever try to have a deep down political message. It's mostly personal feelings on things like films and books which have moved us enough to write about them. It's quite detached, quite surreal in a way, asking questions which remain unanswered. We'd like music to take us and the listener away from all the crap that goes on — a total release."

Release and escape are words that crop up regularly in the conversation and the singer is the first to admit that the band's live appearances thrive on "adrenaline and frustration. Going mad on stage is really good. It's totally therapeutic. I'd recommend it," he laughs.

Ride fans even went through a spot of flower-throwing recalling the heyday of The Smiths, after Gardener and co picked roses and daffodils for the sleeves of their first two EPs. "The first two sleeves had a fresh feeling, like spring. But we were getting bombarded with flowers, slipping up and falling over on stage.

"So for *Fall,* the third EP, we went for something fans couldn't throw at us — penguins. The picture was really bleak and seemed to fit the atmosphere of the songs. The album sleeve is in the same vein. It's a photograph of the sea, not waves, just ripples. It suits the title, *Nowhere*. It's a kind of non-statement at a time when everything else is a statement." says the singer.

Ride benefited early on from a high profile in the music-press. But, according to Mark, "the media generate pressure and expectations. The publicity has helped us sell records but people take the rags far too seriously. They're not the gospel.

"Too much press attention can be really damaging with people getting suspicious, calling you a hype. You only have to look at the Manchester thing. The Charlatans, who started at about the same time as us, have a much higher profile, mainly because they've got the dance element. I find that dancing in a club is great but I get a lot more out of going to a gig to see a really good band. I like to hear guitars. It generates more excitement within me than people with samplers and keyboards. We can't play synths anyway," he adds.

Mark and Andy are a mean pair of guitarists. "We work really well together. But I'm bored by the technical stuff. People like Eric Clapton don't excite me. Solos are too much about egos. It's like look at me, I can do this fast. It's really boring. I'd rather hear a great chord being played," says Gardener.

Ride have just signed a worldwide deal with Sire records, but will remain true to their principles and stick with Creation in the UK. Their success should destroy the notion that guitar bands are finished. The frontman agrees: "There's always movements coming and going and each time theories abound on the demise of guitar bands. But there will always be groups that come along like The Pixies. They've proved that guitar bands are alive and well. The Beatles and The Stones totally changed the world. We're just carrying on in our own little way."

Arty student types or not, Ride have a strong interest in the more cerebral side of life, as Mark demonstrates in a heated discussion on the merits of film director David Lynch. Ride love "movies which bombard you with atmosphere. We're hoping to do this with our music." And you won't be surprised to learn they're fans of the steamy movie *Betty Blue*. Students have always had a penchant for foreign sex-symbols...♣

IN ARREARS

Yo, fellas! I've just got to tell you, I've triumphed once again (but don't worry, open a window and the smell will be gone in no time!).

But seriously guys, my verbal virtuosity and loud-mouthed lucidity has finally climaxed in the crucially credible 'Bum Rap'. Take it away, guys, (but remember to put it back where you found it because its mother may be looking for it)...

You want to know about asses Well I'll tell you masses; Ricky Rear's my name, And bums are my game. I've seen some real sweet peaches, In bikinis on beaches, But the best fuckin' cheeks, That I've seen in weeks, Are on this here gal, And... unfortunately I can't think of anything that rhymes with 'gal' so this is the end.

Pretty damn hot, eh? Yes, at last years of being at the bottom have paid off and I'm on the way to the top. And I've got a feeling in my trousers that this thing could be bigger than the both of us! Ah, it's great to be standing proud before you, super-stardom just over the next golden-skinned arse cheek. Fame at last! Thank you, thank you! — *Ricky Rear*

Ricky Rear has left the building. Ricky Rear has left the building! ♣

IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 7

leave I offered her a lift home, as she was in no fit state to drive, and she accepted at once.

To my surprise and delight, once we were in the car Michelle started stroking my leg. That gave me a hard-on in no time, which didn't escape her notice! She started to rub my cock and balls through the straining fabric of my jeans, until I thought I would shoot in my pants! At this point I decided it would be wiser to pull over, so I turned into a quiet side road and parked.

Michelle immediately pulled down my zip, letting my cock spring out. Then she leant over and started to lick the shiny end of my knob, slowly working her way down until she had my whole cock in her mouth. She was running her tongue along my shaft as she sucked firmly — I've never experienced anything like it in my life!

I reclined our seats so Michelle could lie back, and undid her blouse to reveal her gorgeous big tits in a sexy lace bra. She took it off so I could play with her big brown nipples, and I licked them till she moaned.

I knew she was feeling as horny as me, so I slid my hand up under her skirt to her waiting pussy. As I touched her hairy cunt lips I realised she was wearing no knickers, which increased my excitement to boiling point.

"I'm going to come soon, you sexy bitch!" I groaned, sliding two fingers along Michelle's throbbing clit and into her cunt. She was so wet and juicy!

"Come inside me, then," was her reply, as she hitched up her skirt and straddled me. She rubbed my knob end back and forth along her pussy lips, gasping each time it hit a sensitive spot, then spread her legs wide and pushed down onto my rock-hard cock. She was so wet that it slid in easily, right up to my balls, and I started thrusting for all I was worth.

Michelle was moaning and gasping now, as I gave her the good fucking she'd been longing for. I managed to hold on until she'd reached a shuddering orgasm, and then my balls gave up the fight and released a hot stream of come deep inside her.

When I'd recovered enough to drive, I said I'd better take Michelle home, and she told me she hoped I'd come in for a coffee. In this case, 'coffee' turned out to be an excuse for more filthy frolics — in the shower, on the floor, and even on top of the washing machine. Since then, we must have fucked in dozens of different places, but I'll never forget that first time in my car. Michelle gave me biology lessons — and now I'm giving her driving lessons! — *Den, Reading*

continued on page 42

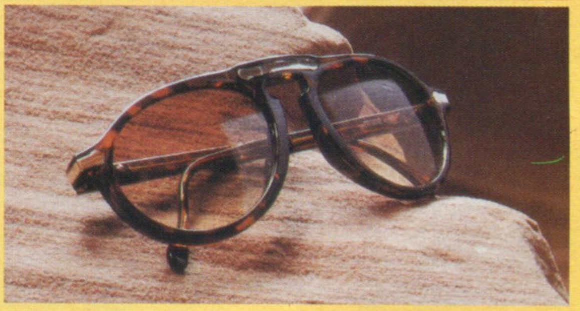
Tony Husband

OBJECTS OF DISGUST

*Style guru, **Ron Bastard**, reviews this month's status symbols and state-of-the-art technology.*

Hugo Boss Sunglasses — from £99 to £161

Ever since The Blues Brothers, there's always some dick-head who wears his shades in the dark. Even in the middle of winter you see Ray Ban-ed wankers tripping over in the gloom. Well, here's a real treat for them — a range of sunspecs from Hugo Boss (the fashion man) and Carrera the sporty bastards. They are no different from ordinary dark glasses except they're named after famous sporting venues like Monte Carlo, Estoril, Le Mans and Monza (wot no Stamford Bridge?), and have BOSS written on them. Old Hugo says they complement his clothing range, which he has dubbed 'tropicalissimo'. What I want to know is if his shades are so fucking fashionable, why aren't blind people sexy?



NNRRAANNGGOWW!!!

*Our racing correspondent **Horst Pipe** writes more blurb about a motor you couldn't even afford the petrol for. Oh, and there's some geezer called Monty...*

1400 horsepower and 300 miles an hour may sound like a load of cobras, but in fact it's just one. Let us explain.

The Cobra, of course, was conceived by chicken farmer Carroll Shelby, who in the early 60s turned from hen-raiser to hell-raiser in order to beat Ferrari at their own game.

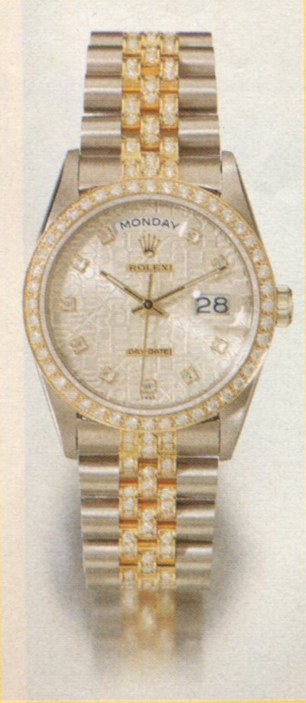
Shelby's secret was blissfully simple: taking a modestly powered and rather elegant British sports car called the AC Ace, he junked the engine and all the pretty bits and replaced them with a huge American V8, flared arches and tyres that were fatter than the Editor's wallet.

The resulting mongrel won the US Road Racing Championships twice, took Le Mans by storm, and scared the shit out of every-body. That first generation AC Cobra packed 400 horsepower, and could manage a quite respectable 180 mph. But, of course, that wasn't enough for some people.

Now, 24 years on, an Anglo-US team of equally hot-headed hot-rodders is planning to up the ante a little with an additional 1000 hp, courtesy of a twin-turbocharged 5.7-litre Ford V8, and a bit of technical know-how from someone called Monty.

Monty, it seems, is more than a little pissed off that the world coupe land speed record is held by a Nissan which recently hit an amazing 265 mph on the Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah. That's right, a Nissan,

Pictures courtesy of Auto Classic.



Rolex Oyster Perpetual Day-Date Chronometer — £26,032

Bloody hell! 26 grand for a bloody watch, who are they kidding? Okay so it's got a gold bracelet with 218 diamonds embedded in it and another 50 diamonds on the watch itself, but does it tell the time any better than my Watford Gap Services Liquid Crystal Digital (£1.99)? They tell me the Rolex will last a lifetime — well, so would 13,000 cheap digitals, and you'd still have 32 quid left over for a few pints. What's more, the bloody Rolex doesn't even chime *The Birdie Song* every hour on the hour. A rip-off or what? ♣

from the people who brought you the Cherry and the Bluebird — we could hardly believe it either, but the man they call Monty, he say 'Yes'.

Second-hand Daytona Coupes now cost around £4 million, so he and the boys decided to build their own in order to compete in the race to join the 300 mph club — or the mile high club if they get that rear wing round the wrong way...♣

cathy

Photographs by Michael Moore

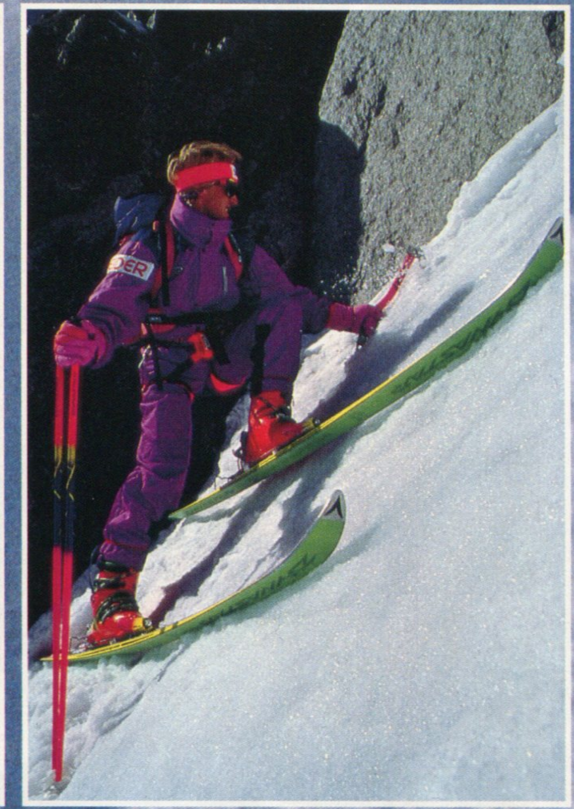
Lights, and... action! Yes, budding actress Cathy topped the bill when we sent our cameraman to deepest Gloucestershire to catch our pretty 19-year-old's debut.

"I'm a member of a local amateur dramatics society, because I love to act up in front of a full house," confessed Cathy, who's a natural at being naughty. "First night nerves used to be a problem, but I soon found that if I wore a short skirt and wiggled my bum about, no-one cared if I fluffed my lines or missed my cue — especially the guys!

"I got a great buzz baring my boobs for Club — not that I had to act to show how much I enjoyed myself. I guess that I'm just a natural!"

We're sure your new audience enjoyed the performance too, and we can't wait for the sequel!♣

Photographs by Pierre Tardivel



ski–*whizz!*

So there you are, harmlessly making a prat of yourself on the nursery slopes and looking forward to the real business of your ski-ing holiday (getting pissed and chatting up the busty instructor), when some guy comes up to you and says "Excuse meh monsieu, ah haff a suggestion pour vous." (He's French, by the way).

"And what might that be?" you reply.

"Pres d'ici is a mountain par the nom of Mons Dolent. Le north face de cette mountain est tres steep. En fact, il est so steep that trois peoples have fallen to leurs deaths from it cette year."

"Tres interessant, mon vieux fils," you reply, trying to get into the spirit of the place. "Mais what's that to me, Jean?"

"It may interest vous to sais that I have just skied down it."

If this happens to you, it means you've bumped into Pierre Tardivel, who is the only person (French or otherwise) brain-dead enough to have taken on the north face of Mount Dolent — or, more accurately, the only one to have taken it on and lived.

The 3,850-metre descent is littered with fun little hazards such as a 40-metre-high ice wall and plenty of avalanche-prone sheer drops. But Pierre climbed the thing with his skis on his back, and promptly skied all the way down again — a sort of mad, alpine Grand Old Duke of York.

If you were the curious type, you might ask Pierre, a full-time 'extreme skier', why he does this sort of thing. Well, we've saved you the trouble by asking him already.

"Passion overrides all risk factors," he said. "What I like about this sport is the limit of imbalance between death and danger, the presence of the void beneath, my skis hardly connecting on the ice."

So now you know. We'll see you in the bar. ♣

results! results! results!

girl of the year

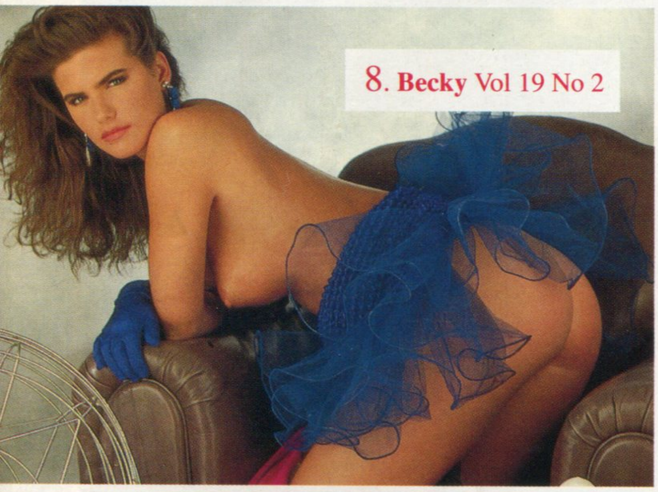
Yet again the Club postman had his vertebrae rearranged by the sacks of votes pouring in for our Girl of the Year competition. But you lot just can't make up your minds, can you? In the closest result since we started asking Club readers to pick their very own Girl of the Year, we had to wait until the very last minute to establish the winner.

Finally, it was Racquel Darrian who clinched first place with over 3,000 votes. The amazing thing is that this was just eight more than our regular columnist Ginny, and only 31 votes behind her came sex-bomb Michaela: when you consider that over 25,000 of you voted in our largest-ever poll, you can see how little there was in it!

As ever, Racquel is rewarded with her own celebration photoset over the page. But since the result was so close this year, we're lining up a few surprise photosets of your other favourites over the next few months. Look out for them!

Here, though, is every girl from *your* top ten of 1990 — all together for the first and last time. They're the best girls from the best magazine in Britain, which makes every one a winner: enjoy them all! ♣

1. **Racquel** Vol 19 No 10



8. **Becky** Vol 19 No 2

3. **Michaela** Vol 19 Nos 8 &11

5. **Sarah** Vol 19 Nos 1 & 7

2. **Ginny** Vol 19 Nos 2-4, 7-13

4. **Clare** Vol 19 Nos 5, 6 & 9

7. **Miranda** Vol 19 No 4

10. **Chris**
Vol 19 No

6. **Shelley**
Vol 19 No 11

9. **Vanessa** Vol 19 No 7

YOUR TOP TEN

1. Racquel
2. Ginny
3. Michaela
4. Clare
5. Sarah
6. Shelley
7. Miranda
8. Becky
9. Vanessa
10. Chrissy

girl of the year

Photographs by Scott Evans

racquel

In reverse order, here's the girl herself, raunchy leuqcaR (*Ha flippin' ha. Now get on with it — Ed.*). Yes, we're proud to welcome back Racquel Darrian, the gorgeous girl who you voted Club Girl Of The Year 1990! We asked her how it felt to be adored by thousands...

"I can't believe that the readers made me Girl Of The Year! I'm really chuffed: there have been so many lovely girls in Club, I just can't believe that I'm the sexiest!" giggles the 20-year-old Birmingham bombshell.

"I'd like to thank everyone who voted for me. In fact I'd like to thank you all in person, if you know what I mean, but with the thousands

of votes that came in it would probably take me till the year 2000!

"It's not going to change my life, though: I'm still going to be the same girl I was before – a little bit silly, a little bit sexy and a whole lot of fun!

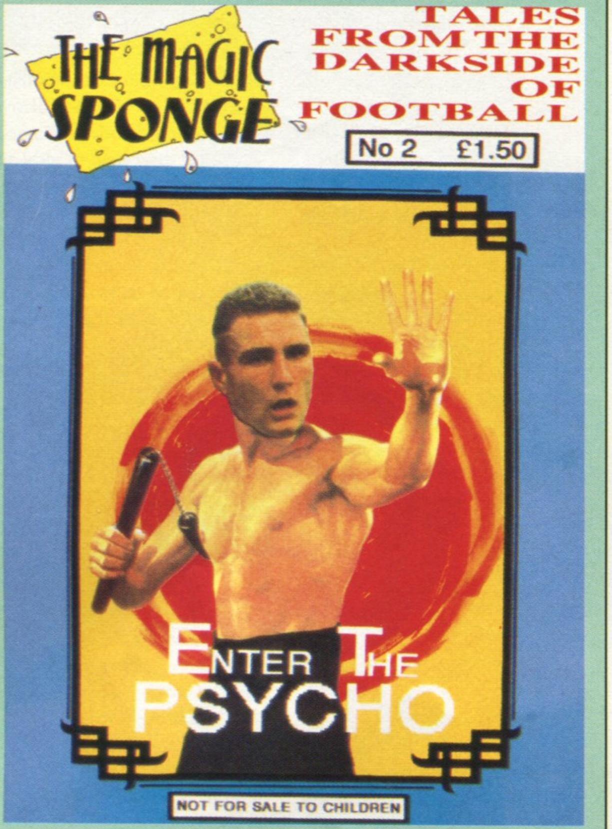
"After all this excitement I think I'd better go and lie down for a while — I just wish I could take you all with me..." ♣

YOU'LL NEVER WALK AAA-GAIN!

Your average Leeds United fan isn't exactly renowned for his literary prowess, unless your skill to articulate is measured by the ability to hit a Barnsley supporter over the head and shout "Urghhh you cunt!" at the same time. So you could have knocked us down with a black pudding when we heard about *The Magic Sponge*, a fanzine written by a group of Leeds fanatics without any help from grown-ups.

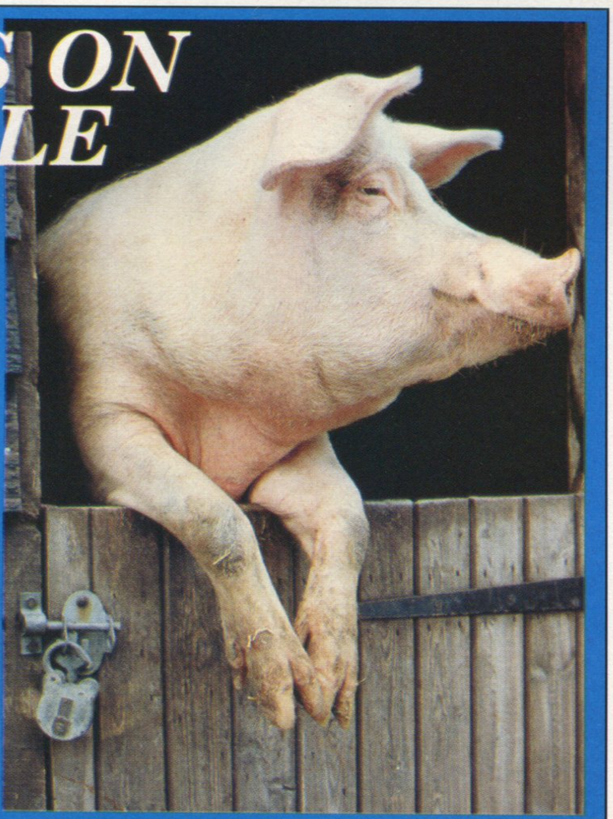
The Magic Sponge is packed with cartoons and stories, but it's got no tits in it. We liked it though, but surely the biggest joke of all is trying to find a Leeds fan who can read — everyone knows the Inter City Firm are just a bunch of frustrated train spotters who only go to football matches so they don't have to deal with numbers over 11. (*Someone else said that, not me! — Ed.*)

The Magic Sponge magazine is available for £1.50 from Snowshine Ltd, Unit 22B, 31 Aire Street, Leeds LS1 4HT. ♣



The Magic Sponge: no help from grown-ups

FOCUS ON NEVILLE



Almost positively the last in this crap series which absolutely nobody reads.

"If any cunt says 'Here's mud in your sty' once more I'll pull them inside out," says Neville as he knocks back a can of *Tennents Super*. This straightforward swine has indeed earned his reputation as the miserable bastard of the Editor's pet community.

Neville lives in a two-up two-down sty in the slum quarter of Bleachville, the bustling metropolis which is the capital of the Club HQ roof garden. Life has been tough for the pugnacious porker: the youngest of a family of 18, Neville was forced to eat three of his brothers to survive.

"Times were hard in my youth, and we were hard an' all. There was one law in the slums: if anything stood in your way, you ate it. These kids nowadays don't know they're born — possibly because we kill them so early," he chuckles, taking a slug from his fourth can of the morning.

Neville believes he has fathered 6,703 piglets, of whom two survive. He enjoys "a good drink, a nice curry and a flutter on the horses now and again.

"Nice to see Lester back, innit?" he says with a rare grin. ♣

THE CLUB GUIDE TO ANTI SOCIAL BEHAVIOUR

Lifelong anti-socialist **Desmond P. Orridge** *presents the final excerpt from his guide to the low life,* Ways to Lose Friends and Insult People, *even more of a must for all regular drinkers...*

After many happy years of hating everybody, I reckon one of the best ways to really piss them off is by squirting your stomach's contents over their suit. It looks easy, but a well-timed food fountain is a work of art. The rewards are enormous. Imagine the joy of bowking over your bank manager when he asks you to repay your overdraft or recycling your supper in the face of a French tourist. All this can be yours if you follow part two of my guide to throwing up, exclusive to Club, and anyone I've honked over recently...

SPEWING WITH STYLE

Your razz must have pizazz. Here's how...

Quantity: **Nothing impresses more than gallons of regurgitated gloop spraying in all directions. However, learn to control the flow and direction by contorting your mouth. With practise you can put on a better display than the performing fountains at Hastings.**

Noise: **Nothing is more annoying than the dry heaves, but do make your puking performance as loud as possible. The three syllable "Bleee-arrrugghhh" is most common, though you might like to combine this with some wretching at the beginning and end. For the uninitiated, wretching is a coughing noise similar to that made by any 1970s British Leyland car.**

Artistic Interpretation: **Gag with gusto. Combine your vomiting with the flamboyant gestures of a Shakespearean actor. Bow deeply at the end then wipe your mouth on your sleeve with a flourish. Practise puking to music (suggestions: *Heavin on a Jet Plane* — John Denver, *Mess in Dormer* — Pavarotti, or anything by Chucker Kahn).**

PLACES TO PUKE UP

Nothing is more boring than unloading your lunch in the privacy of your own privy. You must do it in public. Here are some suggested vomiting venues:

a) The Conservative Party Conference.
b) Any estate agent's

PINT O

This month our Yorkshire correspondent, Arkwright Rowbottom, is found drunk in charge of his own column.

Eee, bloody 'ell, there ar was sitting int *Catshooter's Arms* when this namby-pamby bloody Southern bastard turns up behind t'bar, like.

"Excuse me," he sez all la-de-bloody-da, "have you tasted this beer from London?"

"Beer from bloody London," sez I. "It's all fookin' piss water down there, pal."

The pansy cocky Cockney bastard smiles and gives us this pint called *Youngs Winter Warmer*.

"*Winter* bloody *Warmer*," I tells 'im. "What do you know about winter down there? Do you know last year, mildest winter on record int Dales, I was still shovelling five foot of snow off t'Land Rover

conference.

c) At the your girl's new boyfriend's house.

d) On the Centre Court at Wimbledon during *Grandstand.*

e) During the quiet passage of a Chopin Concert at the Royal Albert Hall going out live on Radio Three.

f) Over anyone wearing a real fur coat.

g) Over Barbara Cartland.

h) Over any wanker in a suit who says, "A drink later in the week? Let's touch diaries, I think I have a window on Thursday."

i) Along a tube train as it pulls into the station.

HONK-FREE ZONES

The following are No-Spew areas:

a) Over your own clothes.

b) Inside any small car you have to occupy for more than ten minutes.

c) Inside the overheated compartment of a train you have to occupy for more than ten minutes.

d) Over a Hell's Angel.

e) In fact over anyone bigger than you.

f) In phone boxes (it's just so absolutely *passe*).

g) In your own house.

h) Over anyone with enormous knockers who says: "You're a little tipsy, let me take you home."

HONKING IN HISTORY

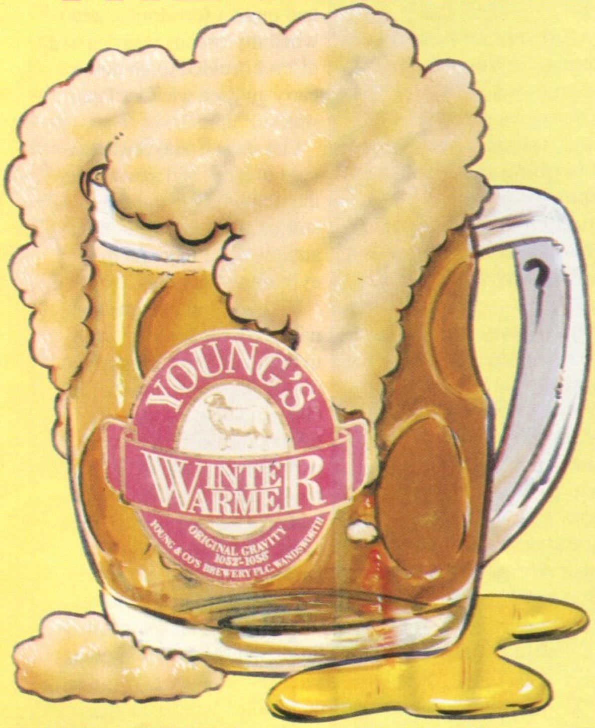
Dumping your dinner is as old as time itself. Witness these famous quotations:

"Veni, vidi, vomiti!" Roughly translated as "I came, I saw, I didn't realise the Channel was so rough." ***Julius Caesar landing in Britain (55BC).***

"Kiss me, Hardy — Bleeugghh." ***Nelson at Trafalgar discovering what a diet of fish and rotten ships biscuits does to a crewmate's breath (1805).***

"Clean me up, Scotty!" ***Captain Kirk after transporting his lunch down his uniform (Stardate 2576.92).*** ♣

F THE MONTH


YOUNG'S
WINTER WARMER
ORIGINAL GRAVITY 1052-1058
YOUNG & CO'S BREWERY PLC WANDSWORTH

before breakfast and..."

(Oh, get on with it for God's sake — Ed)

So, since I 'ad nay brass left, I drank the stuff. Well, bugger me, I'll go to the foot of our stairs, 'appen it turns out to be bloody magic — for a poncy Southern brew anyroad.

"*Winter Warmer* is a good old-fashioned ale, and makes the perfect winter companion," sez this bloke.

"Bugger off!" I said, but I kept drinking his beer, mind. It's bloody champion. ♣

TAPED!

Sick and of watching The Wizard Of Oz, *and* The Sound Of Music *over the Christmas period for the tenth time? Then tune into* **Allan** *'I hate Xmas, me'* **Bryce's** *red hot selection of the New Year's best adult video releases...*

The life of a writer is not an easy one. I remember when I first took it up, a friend asked me whether I'd sold anything. "Yes," I sighed. "My colour TV, all the furniture, the carpets, the house..."

Those were hard times, all the family sitting round sucking on the same Polo mint to keep warm. I even had to send the wife out on the streets. When she came back with £25.05, I asked her, "What miserable sod gave you the five pence?"

"They all did!" she sobbed.

Things are different now of course, though the wife does still insist on keeping on her day job. Writing this column for the last few years has made me something of a megastar. I shouldn't be at all surprised if I'm soon approached to tell my rags-to-raunches story on the London stage. *Jeffrey Bernard Is Unwell* hasn't done badly, so how about *Allan Bryce Has Wanker's Cramp* ?

But enough fantasy for now, let's get on with this month's batch of bockwurst-bashers, starting with a bulging parcel of goodies from **The Rosalind Woods Strip Line**. Rosalind's girls come in all shapes and sizes, from the extremely ample (and very aptly named) Titselina, who has jugs the size of Nicholas Ridley's gob, to the slender Felicity. My favourite was a blowsy blonde named Annabella, who really seemed to get into the spirit of things as she oozed around her kitchen, bathroom and bedroom leaving a wide variety of lacy lingerie scattered across the work surfaces.

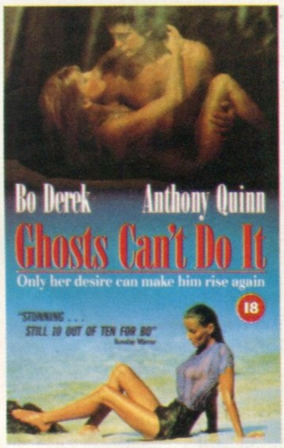
The prettiest of the bunch is a beautiful brunette named Angelina, who sinks seductively into a hot bath and does things with a soap-on-a-rope that made more than just my hair stand on end. The makers of these titillating little striptease titles attempt to ring the changes on the traditional writhing-about-on-the-bed scenario by introducing a mud-wrestling sequence or two.

All in all the *Rosalind Woods* tapes present excellent value for money (£14.95 each, or £66 for five), being well photographed and featuring sexy ladies with a bit more character than you might come across, no pun intended, in the glossier men's mag style videos.

None of the *Rosalind Woods* kitchen crumpet would rate more than six out of ten on a scale of conventional beauty, but **Ghosts Can't Do It** features a gorgeous gal who still deserves a big ten!

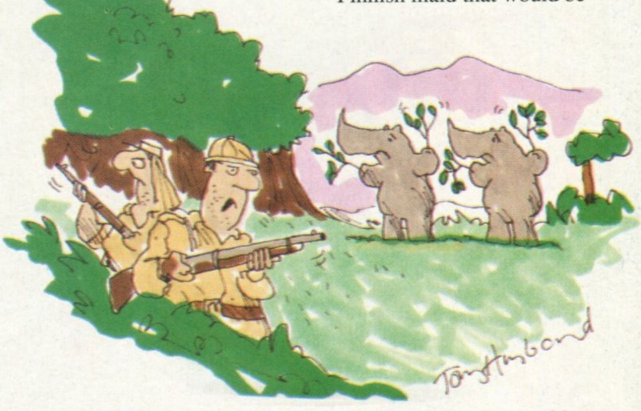
Yes, Bo Derek is back!

Bo plays a beautiful model whose older hubby, played by Anthony Quinn, tops himself after suffering a paralysing stroke. However, he then returns — or rises again you might say — as a frustrated ghost, who can't make love to his beloved Bo until he takes over the body of a hunky male bodybuilder. Written, photographed and directed by Bo's Svengali husband, John Derek, it's a better sex movie than it is a supernatural comedy. Bo still looks absolutely stunning, but the corny script only deserves one out of ten.


Bo Derek
Anthony Quinn
Ghosts Can't Do It
Only her desire can make him rise again
18
"STUNNING . . . STILL 10 OUT OF TEN FOR BO" Sunday Mirror

Now I've seen some sex action in my time — especially since I bought those binoculars and moved in opposite Big Pam. But even I was shocked at some of the goings-on in **Sex On The Beach.**

This one tells of a chap named Leander who returns to his native Sweden to find himself up to his blond crew-cut in hot and cold naked crumpet. Ten seconds after his arrival back at the family home he's enjoying a steamy session with the family's Finnish maid that would be



Damn it Benson! They said there were Rhinos round here

TAPED!

enough to finish off any man, let alone a Swede (which are a favourite among Veggie cannibals). Then, while most normal folks would be having a kip or knocking back a few pints of Sanatogen, our hero gets it on with three old girlfriends in a poolside pronging session that goes right off at the deep end.

The movie offers lovely locations, tempting tarts, and dialogue that just about fits the mouths — what more can the sophisticated video voyeur want?

Staying with those sexy Swedes we come to **Honeymoon — Swedish Style**, an odd little erotic fable about two young newly-weds named Romeo and Juliet who set off on the honeymoon of their dreams. She's a tasty brunette with legs that go right up to her bum and then get cheeky, while he's yet another of those muscular blond superstuds who can go at it for hours on end without even breaking into a sweat.

The course of true love never runs smooth, which is just as well because otherwise the film would have been over after the first extended game of hide-the-salami. Romeo is a handsome lad, and even when he's hitched he can't resist a pretty face and a pert posterior. While his missus is out shopping he gets chatting to a busty blonde in a bar and before you know it he's up there like a ferret down a rabbit-hole.

Meanwhile, temptation is also coming Juliet's way: she's being propositioned by Carlos, a saucy Spanish sailor who certainly knows his onions. If it's uninhibited seafaring action you're after then this will fit the Portland bill better than *Adventures Of Captain Pugwash.*

Finally we come to a true classic of erotic cinema, and a film that did more for the butter industry than Ted Rogers did for bin-liners. Yes, **Last Tango In Paris** created an international stir when it was first shown at the New York Film Festival for its explicit depiction of what

happens when you rub half a pound of Anchor where the sun doesn't shine. There were queues round the block for days — at the dairy.

The film stars Marlon Brando trying to purge himself of bad memories. After a few minutes of wandering the streets he thinks, "Sod this!", and shacks up in an apartment with Maria Schneider. There then follows some shocking sexual acrobatics which should still carry a Government Health Warning almost 20 years later.

I wasn't too impressed though — I'm a Flora man, myself...♣

IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 24

Room Service

I'm a recent convert to the delights of Club, and I'd really enjoy telling you how my enlightenment came about!

I'm 41 years old, and since my divorce five years ago I hadn't really had a proper friendship with a man, but I kept myself busy running a small guest house by the sea. A couple of months back it was very quiet, but I did have one guest, a young man called Paul who was taking a short course at the local college. He was only 21, and a bit shy, but after a few days we were getting on well, and I found myself very attracted to him.

One day I was cleaning his room, when I noticed the corner of a magazine sticking out from under the bed. I pulled it out, and was a bit taken aback to find it was a copy of Club. I replaced it at once, and carried on with my housework, but I couldn't stop thinking about the magazine. I'd never really looked at anything like that before, and I couldn't resist going back for a proper look.

I must admit I was really turned on by the stories and pictures, and I wondered if Paul had any more magazines, so I sneaked a look in his suitcase and found another two issues of Club.

For the next couple of days I couldn't get the magazines out of my mind. I kept imagining Paul reading them and playing with himself at the same time, and I had an overwhelming urge to catch him at it!

That Friday I was going out with some friends, so I dressed up really sexily, in a tight skirt and high heels. I noticed Paul giving me some sly glances! That evening I had quite a few drinks, and when my friends went on to a disco I decided to go home early and see whether Paul was still up.

I let myself into the house very quietly, and saw at once that the living-room light was still on. I walked straight in, and the sight that met my eyes turned my legs to jelly!

Paul was lying on the sofa, naked except for his unbuttoned shirt. He was rubbing his huge cock with one hand, and there was a tube of moisturising cream on the floor which I recognised as mine from the bathroom cabinet. He looked absolutely horrified when I came in, and covered his lap with his trousers.

I pretended to be a bit more tiddly than I really was, and said, "So this is what you get up to when you're on your own!"

I went to the bathroom to give him a chance to get dressed, and while I was there I realised that my knickers were very damp from my excitement, so I couldn't resist the urge to give my clitty a stroke. By now I was feeling so horny I

FZZAAAP!

Bored with watching the same old shite on TV? Well turn off, plug in and freak out to the amazing *Megadrive.* For just the price of a short holiday in Spain, you could have a small plastic box that attaches to your TV set and gives you fabulous video games like the ones seen here. In fact they are so good, say its manufacturers, Sega (no relation to Bob), that they will "blow your mind." Come, come, Mr Sega, you've obviously never tried chewing a pound of Semtex.

They also assure us that the games it produces, such as *Rambo 3* and *Space Harrier 2*, have that authentic arcade feel — 50p a go and a dirty old tramp breathing down your neck asking for the price of a cup of tea. It's also the first 16 bit console to arrive in the UK from Japan — what a shame they couldn't get it here in one piece.

Still, these little gizmos sound pretty good to us, and you can get one for yourself either by buying one from a Virgin Megastore or entering our wild and wacky competition.

Yes, all you have to do is to tell us here at Club why no one enters our competitions. That's right, even though we're one of the best selling magazines in the whole wide world, no-one ever enters our competitions. Christ, we could give away the fucking Brent Oil Field and still no one would enter. Why? What are we doing wrong? The whole office is crammed with stuff we can't get rid of just because no-one can be arsed to buy a stamp!

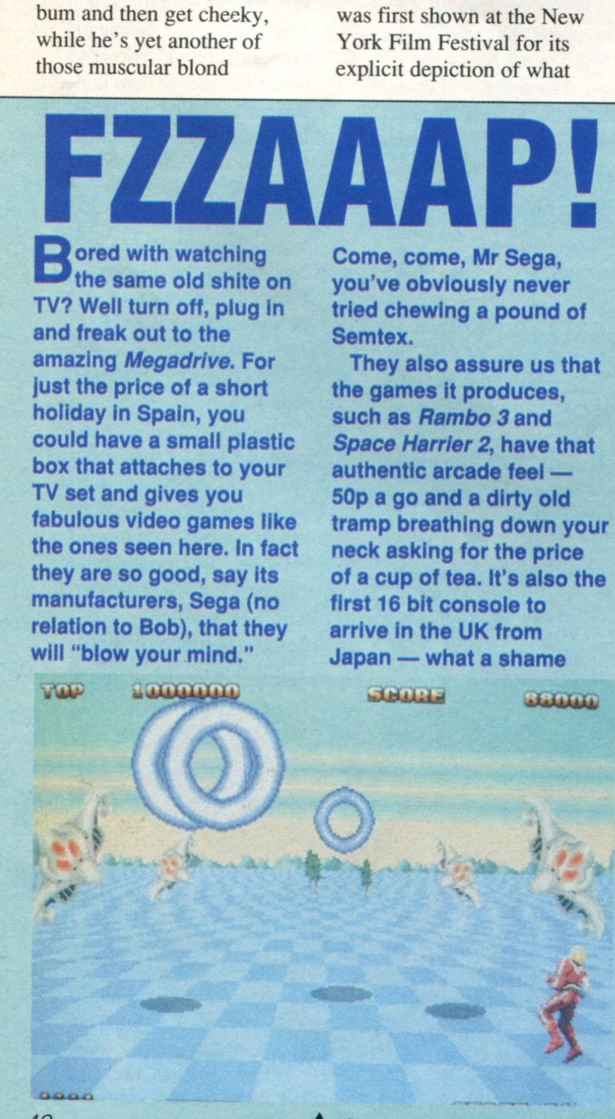
So come on good readers, tell us why no-one at all is going to enter the sensational Sega competition! Is it because:

1. You don't believe we've got a *Megadrive* to give away?

2. You're very unlucky and you've never won a competition in your life?

3. You don't want a Sega *Megadrive*?

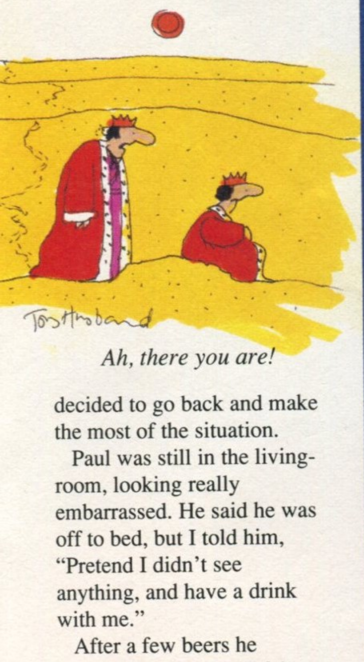
Answers on a postcard please, to *The (No Relation To Bob) Sega Megadrive Competition*, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. The first (and only) entry out of the Ed's thimble will win! ♣



▲ *Space Harrier 2: kerrpow!*

x0
RD.1
POWER

Rambo 3: a war you'll never believe! ▶



Ah, there you are!

decided to go back and make the most of the situation.

Paul was still in the living-room, looking really embarrassed. He said he was off to bed, but I told him, "Pretend I didn't see anything, and have a drink with me."

After a few beers he seemed to relax, and I felt daring enough to ask him, "Aren't you going to finish off what you started?" He just blushed, but I told him, "I would really like to watch — I've never seen a man do that before."

Finally I persuaded him to take off his trousers and lie back on the sofa. I stroked his legs, slowly working my way up to his balls and then to his thick cock. He groaned as I gently squeezed the end, then started to rub it faster and faster, still rolling his balls around with my other hand.

I picked up the tube of cream and poured loads of it over his rampant knob, massaging it onto his skin. It didn't take long before he shot a huge jet of spunk over my hands. After that I was just desperate for his cock, and he gave me a night that was worth waiting five years for!

Later Paul confessed to me that he'd been a virgin until that night. He told me I was the kind of teacher he'd dreamed about, and for the rest of his stay we fucked in every place and position we could think of! I sucked him off loads of times, which was something I'd never done before, and one night I also frigged myself in front of him while he tossed off until he spunked over my tits. That was another enjoyable first for me!

When Paul left, I told him to put his new experience to good use. I've found myself a steady boyfriend now, and I always encourage him to buy Club so I can read it! — *Joyce, Cardiff*

continued on page 98

alex

Photographs by Scott Evans

If we were able to put into words just how we feel about the incredible Alex it would sound something like "Coorfwooarlustboing!" But that would be a bit of an understatement. So let's give our 19-year-old sexsation from Liverpool the chance to do the talking while we put our tongues back in.

"It's great getting lots of attention and all these lovely compliments about my body," smiles Alex, tossing her golden hair over her slender

shoulders. "But I've got something I'd love to ask all you Club readers; what is it you like best about my figure? Is it my boobs? I'm very happy with my boobs, they always seem so pert and firm, and they've got very suckable little nipples — or so I've been told! Or is it my soft, round bum that you like the most? It looks great in a pair of tight jeans or a short skirt! Or perhaps it's my pussy you go for. I'm sure you'd all know exactly how to keep her happy, wouldn't you?"

Answers: Yes, yes and not half! ♣

alex

GRIPPING YARNS

Bullshit In The Balkans

The blueprints for the coal-powered mobile army field toilets (officer class) are missing! Dashing detective ***Bullshit Doggend*** *thinks it stinks of Volga Balkans. Let's hope he clears it up before we're all in the shit...*

Bullshit Doggend, gentleman sleuth, strode purposefully down Lower Shorts Street, Westminster. He was newly returned from the Highlands where he had single-handedly solved the mystery of Lord Sassenach's swollen haggises. On his return to the metropolis he had found a letter waiting for him. The missive asked him to report immediately to the Head of British Intelligence. The envelope was marked: *Urgent, Top Secret* and *Jolly Well Hurry Up And Get On With It Man.*

Before the days of MI5, MI6 and the M25 motorway, the centre of British espionage was *Frotters*, a gentlemen's club tucked discreetly amidst the Regency splendour of London's Pall Mall. Bullshit Doggend paused for a moment outside the building's elegant facade, noting the carved motto above the door: *Piscean Peculiaris Junicus Foreignatum Est,* which roughly translated means *Johnny Foreigner Is A Strange Fish.* He walked into the club, handed his toupee and tweed Ulster to Scabies, the hall porter, strode briskly through the reading room where judges and senior civil servants were furtively scanning the underwear section of the Gratton's Catalogue, passed the dinning hall, in which politicians sat in high chairs being spoon fed spotted dick and custard by waitresses dressed in nannies uniforms, and up to a door marked only with the darkly enigmatic legend 'P'.

'P' was the codename of Sir Claude Bollox, Head of British Intelligence. Bullshit knocked on the burnished panel and waited until a gruff aristocratic voice bade him enter. Sir Claude was busy firing a blow pipe at a picture of Vlad the Impaler.

"Take that you leftie bounder!" he bellowed as a poisoned dart struck the 15th Century Rumanian tyrant on the end of the nose.

Bullshit cleared his throat. "You wanted to see me, 'P'?"

Sir Claude shook his head. "I most certainly do not. You must be thinking of Bertie Woofter at the F.O. Hanging around in public toilets is his department."

Bullshit Doggend stroked the firm outline of his jaw thoughtfully. Head of Intelligence was not quite the right title for Sir Claude. Head of Pigshit would be more accurate. "I got a message that you wanted to give me an assignment, Sir."

Sir Claude picked a meerschaum pipe from a stand on his desk and lit it ruminatively. "Ah yes. Remember now. Look, Doggybag..."

"Doggend, Sir."

Sir Claude shook his head. "No thank you. Can't you see I'm smoking a pipe? Never touch cigarettes, and if I did I wouldn't take someone's butt..."

His lecture was interrupted by the appearance in the doorway of his secretary, Miss Fanny Feast. "Sorry to bother you. I wondered if you wanted a tea, 'P'?"

"Not at the moment, Feast." Sir Claude snapped. When the door closed he leant forward and whispered to Bullshit. "Damned odd chap that Feast. Thinks he's a Red Indian. Keeps offering me his tepee. Dashed strange. And another thing about him — I've seen him going into the Ladies powder room! What d'you make of that, eh?"

Bullshit Doggend sighed. "Perhaps he's short-sighted, Sir."

The Head of Intelligence thought for a moment. "Damned smart thinking, Doggystyle," he barked eventually. "And that would explain why his chest's so swollen. He keeps bumping into things. Well I never! Better tell him to go to an optician, what?" Before Bullshit could answer, Sir Claude had picked up his blow-pipe and returned to firing darts at Vlad the Impaler. Minutes passed. Bullshit Doggend coughed discreetly. Sir Claude turned suddenly and the poisoned arrow he had intended for the sadistic Slav flew instead past the ear of the gentleman sleuth.

"Yes?" Sir Claude roared impatiently. "What can I do for you?"

Hours Later...

"... And when General Non-Fiction returned, the blueprints for the coal-powered mobile army field toilets (officer class) were missing," Sir Claude completed his story. "As you can imagine, Doggypaddle, if those plans aren't recovered there'll be a hell of a stink in Aldershot. Not least because of the way the General was so easily caught with his pants down. There's no doubt about it, Johnny Foreigner's really scraped the bottom this time and it won't be long before the press catch a whiff of it and splatter it all over the front page!"

Bullshit Doggend thrust out his jaw defiantly. "Not if I can help it they won't," he said sternly. "Where are the plans and who's got them, 'P'?"

Sir Claude looked grim. "We believe they're in the Bulgarian capital Sofia in the grip of that most devilish enemy agent, Sobranie Legova." At the mere mention of that name Bullshit Doggend went hot all over, and every sinew of his body stiffened. Sobranie Legova, the beautiful Russian spy, cunning, sophisticated and more expert at the squelchy business than any woman alive...

"Golly," he croaked.

Sir Claude ignored his reaction. "So that's your assignment, Bullseye."

"It's Bullshit, Sir."

"Well," Sir Claude said, "you're entitled to your opinion."

Later That Night...

In his rooms at No 1, Upper Passage, Mayfair, Bullshit Doggend outlined his plan of action to his faithful batman, Tinkler.

"So, we take up the old kite, fly over to Bulgaria. We make contact with the Yank agent, Hiram Y. Fronts, and elements of the Volga Resistance Group there..."

"Are they revolting, Sir?" interjected Tinkler.

"Well, they are foreigners, so I expect they will be a trifle unpleasant."

"And what do you think it'll be like in Sofia?"

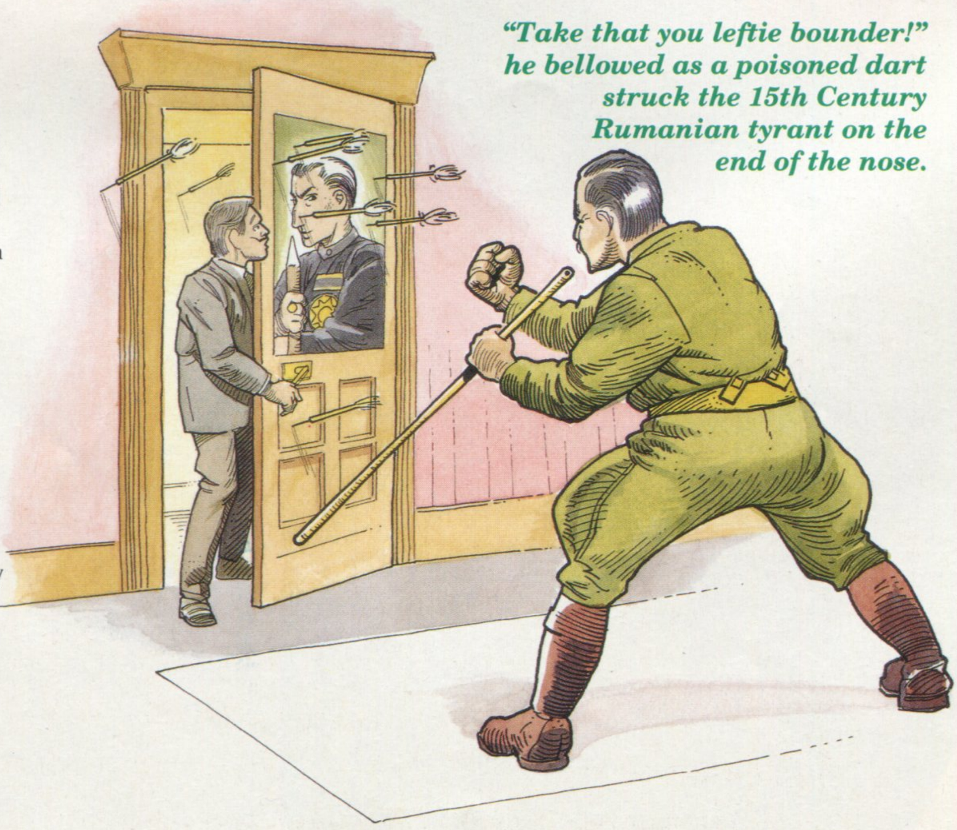
"Warm, damp and, I dare say, that for you and I it may get a little sticky," Bullshit Doggend replied. "When we meet Hiram Y. Fronts he will lead us to Sobranie, we grab the plans, get back in the plane, and are back in Blighty in time for *Blind Date.* What d'you reckon Tinkler?"

"Cripes!" the batman answered. "That's a dashed clever ruse and no mistake. I really don't know how you come up with 'em Mr Doggend."

Bullshit Doggend allowed himself a slight smile of satisfaction.

"It's breeding, Tinkler," he remarked.

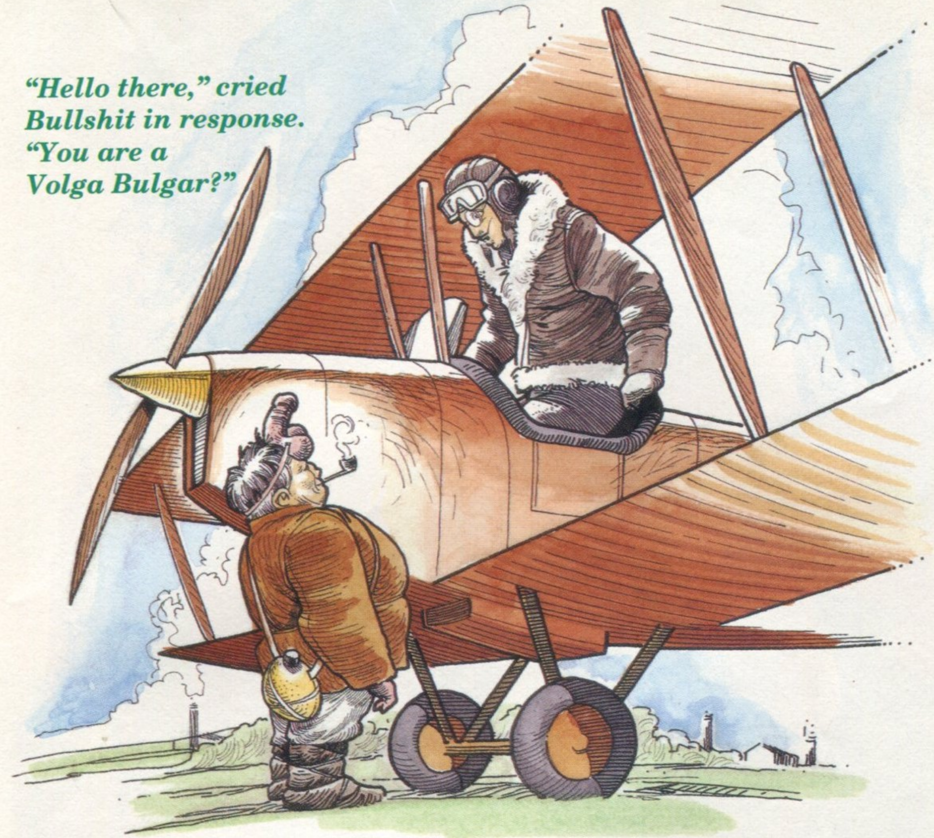
"Certainly is," Tinkler muttered. "Breedin' ridiculous."



"Take that you leftie bounder!" he bellowed as a poisoned dart struck the 15th Century Rumanian tyrant on the end of the nose.

illustrations by Adam Willis

"Hello there," cried Bullshit in response. "You are a Volga Bulgar?"



Daybreak Over Bulgaria...

As the sun rose over the Steppes, Bullshit Doggend brought the Seckswith Camel bi-plane down onto the water meadows which lie alongside the River Volga. As the plane taxied to a halt a rough hewn peasant emerged from the woods and hailed our heroes.

"Hello there," cried Bullshit in response. "You are a Volga Bulgar?"

"And you are a fuckin' rude asshole," the peasant replied in a distinct Texan twang. A smile split the man's swarthy face. "Hiya Bullshit. Welcome to Bulgaria." It was Hiram Y. Fronts.

The American drove Bullshit Doggend and Tinkler into Sofia and dropped them off at the Hotelski Twoway Mirrorski, arranging to meet them later that night. As they waited to check in, Bullshit and Tinkler found that a number of the locals were urinating on them from a balcony.

"I don't like it, Tinkler," Bullshit said, raising his umbrella. "I get the distinct impression we're being made a convenience of."

"Strewth!" snapped Tinkler angrily. "You think that Yank might be an enemy agent, or a double agent, Sir?"

"I think he's something far worse than that Tinkler," Bullshit Doggend replied, his lips twisting contemptuously. "He's an estate agent, and I dare say the recent escalating spiral in Balkans property prices has proved just a little too tempting for Comrade Fronts."

At that moment an elegantly dressed woman walked into the hotel lobby and began questioning the receptionist. Bullshit narrowed his eyes suspiciously.

"There's something familiar about the way that lady rolls her Rs," he said.

"Well, Sir," Tinkler replied. "You certainly wouldn't forget a bum like that one in a hurry."

Bullshit snapped his fingers decisively. "There's no time to lose, Tinkler. Go over to that public lavatory. Enter it. Go into one of the cubicles and flush yourself down the toilet. The sewage pipes come out on the Volga near where our plane is hidden. Fly past the roof of this hotel at 8 pm tonight. I'll be there. If I'm not, then forget about me and get back to Blighty. There's no sense in the pair of us going under."

He patted the canny little batman affectionately on the shoulder.

"Au revoir, Tinkler," he said as the faithful servant scuttled into the Gents. "I just hope it's not too stiff a one for you to handle."

"So, Mrrrr Bullshit Doggend, we meet again." The gentleman sleuth turned to face the speaker. Sobranie Legova smiled sardonically and breathed a cloud of blue smoke from the cigarette that drooped elegantly from her dark red lips. Doggend began to sweat, his knees went weak, his tweed Oxford bags suddenly felt several sizes too small in the pocket department.

"Now, Mrrrr Secrrret agent, are you going to come quietly?" Legova whispered. A jet of steam shot out of Bullshit's left ear.

"GGGG-osh!" he squeaked. "I'll certainly do my best."

Moments Later...

In the penthouse suite of the Hotelski Twoway Mirrorski, Bullshit Doggend was strapped to the head of a king-size waterbed. Sobranie Legova and her assistant, the Oriental criminal mastermind Nim Fo, stared down at him.

"Arrrre these what you werrrre looking forrr, Mrrr Bullshit Doggend?" Sobranie murmured as she peeled down a silk stocking to reveal the stolen blueprints tied to her thighs.

Bullshit nodded. Sobranie chuckled and slowly removed the plans, revealing as she did the smooth, white perfection of her legs. "Well, Secrrret agent, perrrhaps we can do a little swop." She began to unbutton her blouse.

"Stop it, you foreign fiend," Bullshit snarled. "I am a British gentleman, and I demand to be treated as such!"

"Verrrry well," Sobranie sighed. "Nim Fo, brrrring the stewed prunes and the cod liver oil. Now Doggend minor I believe you have not done your Latin prrrrep. You rrrrreally are a very naughty boy..."

"Golly!" squealed Bullshit. "This is more like it.

"Just one question, Matron," Doggend said as Nim Fo prepared to administer a few spoonfuls of laxative. "What time is it?"

"7.59," Nim Fo replied.

"Then there's no time to waste," Bullshit bellowed.

With a mighty straining of his powerful muscles he burst the straps that bound him, knocked Nim Fo unconscious with a right upper-cut, incapacitated Sobranie Legova with a karate chop to the pressure points, grabbed the plans, leapt onto the chandelier, swung through the skylight onto the roof, ran to the edge, jumped off and landed in the back seat of the Seckswith Camel.

"Bang on time, Tinkler!" he cried.

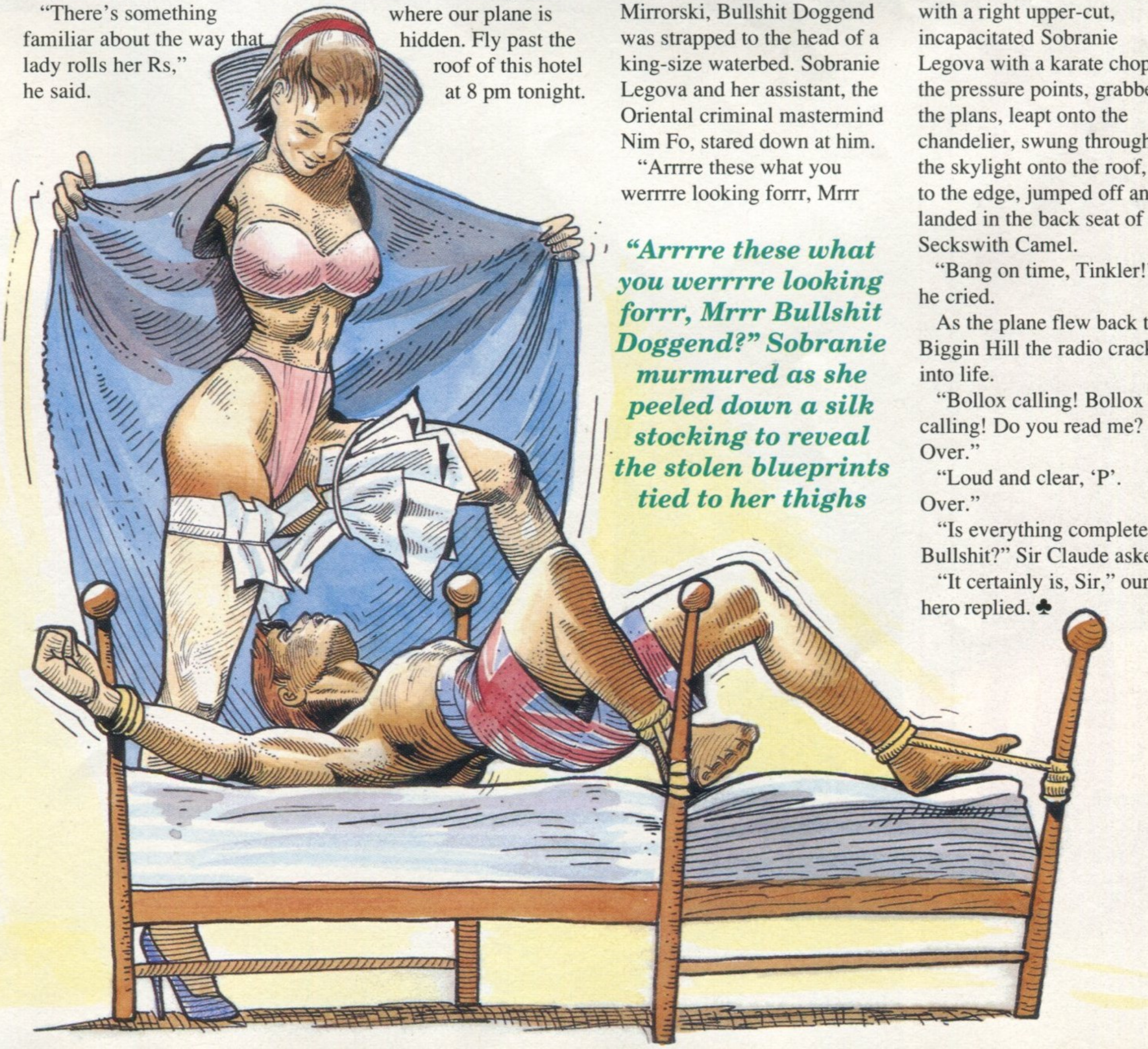
As the plane flew back to Biggin Hill the radio crackled into life.

"Bollox calling! Bollox calling! Do you read me? Over."

"Loud and clear, 'P'. Over."

"Is everything complete, Bullshit?" Sir Claude asked.

"It certainly is, Sir," our hero replied. ♣



"Arrrre these what you werrrre looking forrr, Mrrr Bullshit Doggend?" Sobranie murmured as she peeled down a silk stocking to reveal the stolen blueprints tied to her thighs

Lana

Photographs by Harry Linden

Lana's used to seeing grown men turn into jabbering idiots before her very eyes — so she was more than ready for the effect she had on the Club editorial team when they first set eyes on her.

"Oh, I'm quite used to that, but chat-up lines don't do anything for me — I like action, not words," Lana told us naughtily. "Sometimes I'll just be walking down the street, and a fella will come running up to me with a bunch of flowers — just like that advert on TV!

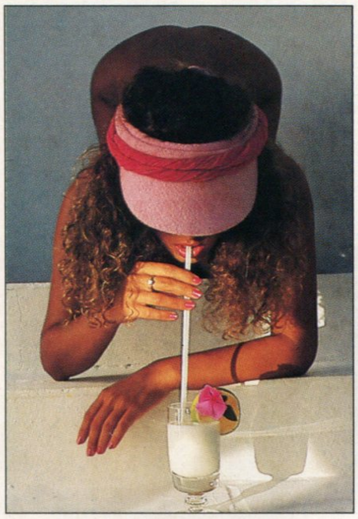
And every girl knows what to do when that happens."

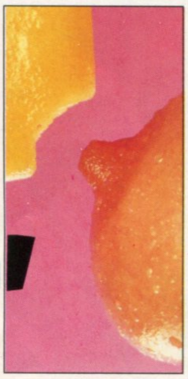
Oh, we asked, and what's that?

"Take him home and shag his brains out!"

Now why didn't we think of that?♣

TALKIN' BLUE





This is the section where you talk to us- and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you'd like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

WOMEN'S WRITES

Where the girls get down to business

Good Golly, Miss Molly!

I always get a big thrill out of reading the true life confessions in Club, and I know my husband Nick does too... so I can't wait to see his face when he reads about our recent adventure here in the pages of his favourite mag!

Nick runs a catering firm with his assistant Molly, and I help out too when they have a big order to fill. One night we were catering for a really big dinner party, and it was well after midnight when we got home. We've got a large extension at the back of the house which has been converted into Nick's business premises, and Molly always comes back to help clear up if it's been busy.

We'd had a good night, and we'd also been helping ourselves to quite a few glasses of wine as we worked, so we were all in pretty high spirits by the time the kitchen was cleaned up. None of us felt like going back to the house, so I grabbed another couple of bottles out of the fridge and we settled down in the small lounge area that Nick uses when clients visit.

What with the tape recorder, the comfy chairs and the wine, it was all pretty cosy, and the more we drank the ruder the coversation got. When Molly started talking about her sex life — or lack of it, since she broke up with her boyfriend a couple of months before — I saw Nick's ears prick up, and I wasn't really surprised.

Molly's a very cute redhead who looks extremely young and innocent, although she's actually 22. I'd known for ages that Nick fancied her, and since their relationship was strictly business I didn't really mind. But now, tipsy as I was, the idea of my husband lusting after another girl positively excited me.

I couldn't resist the temptation to see how far Molly would go, so I started asking her how she managed without a man. I suppose I expected her to be a little bit embarrassed, but she just grinned at me and said, "I bought a vibrator — but it's certainly no substitute for the real thing!"

By now I could see quite a bulge in Nick's trousers, and on an impulse I burst out, "Maybe you'd like to share mine?" Everything went very quiet for a moment, and then Molly started to laugh. "That would be great!" she giggled. "Are you serious?"

Well, I certainly wasn't going to back out now, especially as I could see Nick crossing his fingers, hoping I'd say yes! So my reply was to reach over, unzip Nick's fly, and pull out his stiffening cock. One stroke from my fingers made it rock hard, and then I sat back in my chair, smiled at Molly, and said, "Okay, he's all yours!"

Molly walked over to Nick and knelt on the floor in front of him. She looked across at me for confirmation, and when I nodded at her, she bent her head and licked the end of my husband's cock. As he moaned, she licked all the way down his throbbing shaft, tantalisingly teasing him with her tongue. Suddenly she tugged at the top of his trousers, and he lifted himself off his chair slightly so she could pull off his trousers and boxer shorts. Once he was naked from the waist down, she began sucking on his cock, taking far more of it into her mouth than I'd ever managed. I could see from the expression on Nick's face that he was on cloud nine!

I had an overwhelming urge to see as much of Molly's lovely body as I could, so as she sucked away on Nick's knob I undid her blouse and pulled it off. Next came her lacy bra, leaving her full tits free for me to enjoy. I undid her skirt, and as I was pondering how to get it off without disturbing her eager cock-sucking, she reached behind her and ripped the fabric to the hem, letting it fall to the ground. Obviously she was as keen to get her clothes off as I was!

I became even more excited when I saw Molly's whole body, naked except for stockings and suspenders. She'd been walking round the whole evening without any knickers on! I was also delighted to discover she was a natural redhead, and I was dying to get my hands on her ginger bush.

My trance was interrupted by a cry from Nick as he shot his stream of spunk into Molly's mouth. She gulped it down, winked at me, and said, "Mmm, tastes good! Thanks for the loan, Amanda! Now what can I do for you in return?"

I was lost for words. Nick and I had always been such a conventional couple, and now I was getting really turned on by the thought of him fucking another girl in front of me! All I could do was stare into Molly's sparkling green eyes, completely tongue-tied.

Luckily, Molly took the decision out of my hands. "You're feeling pretty horny, aren't you?" she said, leaning back against the sofa and spreading her legs so I got a good look at her juicy pussy. "I bet you'd like to see Nick fuck me, wouldn't you?" I nodded, still not trusting myself to speak, and she laughed and said, "Suits me! But you have to promise to watch closely!"

As she spoke, she started to rub two fingers along her wet cunt lips, and into her hole. With her other hand she beckoned for me to come closer, so that I was crouching in front of her, my eyes fixed on her sticky fingers as they pumped in and out of her pussy.

I reached out to touch her red bush, but she shook her head and said, "No, not this time. You're the spectator for tonight, Amanda." It made me even more horny to think that this young girl was completely in charge, and I couldn't resist the urge to finger myself a moment longer. Molly told me to take off my knickers so she could watch me, and as I started to frig myself furiously she straddled Nick and sank down on his rigid cock. Before my eyes, our beautiful friend fucked my husband into a frenzy!

I could see Nick's huge, throbbing cock sliding in and out of Molly's dripping cunt, stretching her pussy wide open. Molly was moaning as Nick pumped into her, and he fondled her large tits as her hips rocked over him. They moved faster and faster, until she was crying out and clinging onto him, and I was hardly conscious of my own body as I watched them. Then Molly screamed with a terrific orgasm, and I sensed Nick's whole body spasm as he released a stream of spunk deep inside her.

Molly suddenly lifted herself off Nick's throbbing cock, so that the last few drops of his come landed on her fingers. She reached over and touched it to my lips, as I crouched by them still frigging myself, and the taste of Nick's spunk was all it took to take me over the edge to a magnificent climax of my own.

That was the first time the three of us got together, but it certainly wasn't the last. I get a real thrill out of watching my husband fuck Molly — and he's not complaining, either! Molly's hinted a few times that it's my turn to fuck her next... Ooh, I do hope it's soon! — *Amanda, Chester*

Office Girls Get Together

My husband Andy gets Club every month and we have a great time reading through it together. We both have the same taste in women, although I've never been brave enough to really look at another girl — outside the pages of Club, of course. When Andy's at work I often have a good look through all our old issues and frig myself in front of a mirror, imagining that some of the stories are happening to me. We're just an ordinary couple though, and nothing like that had ever happened to us — until recently, that is.

The other day I had the thrill of a lifetime. I have a part time job at a small firm, and I share an office with a girl called Cath. She's a real bombshell — she could have come straight out of the pages of Club. She loves to turn the guys on, and so she probably thought I was a bit dull. I'm a strictly one man woman — because my Andy's enough for any girl! I don't know what Cath would have thought if she'd known the ideas I was having about her, though!

Anyway, it was a steaming hot day, and Cath arrived at

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Rampant housewife will lick and suck you all over if you phone 0836 403 645.

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Throb between the legs? I can help. Dial 0836 403 646.

I can satisfy you with my pouting lips and tingling tongue and my soft, smooth fingers, let me lick and stroke you anywhere and everywhere you want. Put your finger in the hole and dial 0836 403 647.

Strip me naked and have your wicked way with me. 0836 403 648.

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work in a big, baggy T-shirt and loose skirt. We were the only ones there that morning, so she hadn't bothered to dress up, but that T-shirt showed off more than any of her see-through silk blouses. Every time she leant forward, those baggy armholes revealed the delicious sight of her massive breasts. I kept getting tantalising peeks of her lovely dark brown nipples. My knickers were beginning to get damp just looking at her, and I suddenly felt a bright blush spread across my face. So I knocked a pen off my desk and ducked down onto the floor until my blush faded.

But while I was leaning down, I couldn't resist stealing a furtive glance under Cath's desk, to catch a glimpse of her long, tanned legs. I nearly came on the spot! Her skirt was hitched up over her hips, she had no knickers on, and her lovely slender fingers were deep inside her quivering cunt. I could just see them gently moving through her soaking wet bush.

I was suddenly aware of my own juices trickling down the inside of my thighs, and I came back to reality. I hoped Cath hadn't noticed anything, but as I looked up she was staring straight into my eyes, with a big grin on her face.

"You can carry on watching if you like," she said, "but it would be much more fun if you joined in!"

My mouth dropped open, but I couldn't say anything. I seemed to have lost my voice completely! Cath walked over to me, let her skirt drop to the floor, and pulled off her T-shirt. I looked up at her breasts and longed to suck her nipples, but right then her pussy was level with my face. I could smell her juice, and the sight of her bush was almost too much for me.

I ran my hands up the insides of her legs and let my fingers rest on either side of her sopping slit. Then I gently pulled her pussy lips apart, breathing heavily at my first close-up of another woman's cunt. Within seconds my tongue was darting over her clit and pushing inside her cunt. She began to groan with pleasure, and I tasted her juices running into my mouth.

I sat back and took off my blouse, and Cath rubbed the palms of her hands over my erect nipples. She pulled me down to the floor with her, so that I could play with her tits as she played with mine, and I sucked at her big nipples.

Cath's hand slipped up my skirt and inside my wet knickers, and she began to finger-fuck me, teasing me with her long nails and rubbing my clit until I thought I'd go crazy. I was moaning so loudly it was a good thing the rest of the offices were deserted!

To my surprise, she suddenly stopped and rushed over to her desk. I didn't know what was going on, but almost immediately she returned with a huge vibrator which she'd been hiding in a drawer. Why she had it at work, I don't know! I'd never seen one before, and I just couldn't wait to get it inside my wet pussy.

I lay on my back and Cath pulled off my knickers. As the pulsating dildo purred into action she started to rub it firmly against my clit. I'd never felt anything so good! I writhed on the floor and she slipped the end of the vibrator between my swollen pussy lips and slowly slid it inside me.

"Harder, push it harder!" I cried, and she thrust it right into my cunt, making me squirm with delight. Almost immediately the shock waves of a giant orgasm rushed over me. Cath bent and sucked my throbbing nipples as I came. Then she pulled the dildo out of me and replaced it with her tongue, bringing me off again before too long.

As I recovered from my second fantastic orgasm, I decided I'd been selfish long enough, and it was Cath's turn to lie back and enjoy herself. I took up the vibrator and rubbed it along her clit, watching in fascination. Until then I'd had to be content with looking at my own body in a mirror. Now I could actually watch as the dildo slid between her wet pussy lips and into her hole.

Slowly I worked it into her, pushing it up to the hilt and then pulling all but the tip back out again, watching her cunt move around it, milking it like a real cock. She obviously liked the slow-motion tease, so I carried on until she began to shake with a terrific orgasm. Then I speeded up, pumping it into her faster and faster, at the same time running my hand over her glistening breasts.

As she came, she pulled me on top of her so that our boobs were pressed together and we kissed lovingly. We lay there like that for some time and I couldn't help wishing Andy had been there to watch! Without a word, we got dressed and went back to our desks as if nothing had happened. That night I couldn't wait to snuggle up to Andy and tell him all the details — but that's another story! — *Lucy, Kent*

ON THE JOB

Three's No Crowd

This whole story is going to sound so weird and far-fetched to you all that it's taken me more than a year to work up the courage to even write it down.

However, since the situation that I'm going to write about is still going on — and going strong too — I can't help thinking that other men and women out there might get turned on by my horny story.

The whole thing started when I answered an ad in our local paper for a property magnate who wanted a private secretary to help with his ever increasing workload. For that reason I can't tell you much about the town where I live, except to say that it's in the North of England, because the man in question is very well known in the business world. For that reason I'll call him Terry, though that's not his real name, and I've also changed the names of everyone else in this story, except, of course, mine.

When I telephoned about the secretarial job, I was surprised that Terry himself took the call, and even more surprised when he asked me to come to his house, rather than his company offices, for my interview. Still, the money was excellent, and Terry's company had a very good reputation throughout the county, so I was really quite excited.

I couldn't believe it when I saw his home. I'd heard local people talking about it, but it was even more amazing than I'd heard. The whole Georgian building had been redesigned by Terry himself, and he'd really gone to town on the three storey, white painted stone mansion. Inside, it looked like something out of *Dallas*, with loads of marble and velvet and balustrades everywhere. It was all I could do to keep my mouth shut as Terry ushered me through to his office at the back.

"Now I don't know if I made myself clear just what we were after in the ad," he began. "The thing is, my family and I have so many business dealings all over the world that we really need someone who'll live in and be able to deal with things as and when they happen. Now, would that kind of thing appeal to you?"

I should say it did, especially when he named a salary that was far beyond my wildest expectations. I'd be living in this magnificent mansion, having the run of the place and my own little flatlet, in return for doing secretarial and housekeeping duties. I couldn't believe my luck.

Fleetingly, I did wonder whether Terry might be after a bit on the side. I hoped not, because frankly he really wasn't my type. I've never been into older men. But he didn't show too much interest in my body, though my curvy, well proportioned figure wasn't exactly hidden by my tight though business-like suit.

Anyway, I knew I'd be able to handle it if he made any unwanted advances.

I still hadn't met anyone else from the family when I moved in and started a week later, though Terry had said that there were a couple of women my age in the household. Great, I'd have someone to talk to, and maybe go out on the town with. It couldn't be his wife because I assumed she must be about Terry's age.

How wrong I was! When I first met Rochelle, I couldn't believe she was actually married to Terry. She was a young, very chic Parisian brunette, the same age as me (I'm 22). But she was very friendly and giggly, and we struck up a good working relationship straight away.

What I couldn't work out was where Cindy fitted in. At 28 she was just a few years older than us, but she looked so incredibly like Rochelle that at first I thought they must be sisters — until Cindy opened her mouth to speak in the broadest Cockney accent I'd ever heard.

I soon found out where she fitted in though — Cindy was Terry's first wife!

The whole situation was bizarre. It seemed that Terry had a penchant for a certain type of look — and he hadn't done things by halves, marrying Rochelle right after his divorce from Cindy had come through. What I didn't understand was just why Cindy had stayed around and still lived at the house her rival was now mistress of.

I soon found out. Terry had told me that I could have the run of the house, and that included the games room on the ground floor. A couple of nights after I'd started, I went down there intending to try out the weights and perhaps the whirlpool bath that I knew was there.

I didn't have much chance to do anything except stand there open-mouthed when I saw what was going on.

Inside the opulently decorated room, writhing on the floor stark naked in what I could only describe as an incredibly torrid lesbian clinch, were Cindy and Rochelle.

The pair of them look so alike that at first I couldn't tell which naked legs were which, whose face was down at whose pussy, or whose neck was arched back as they had a very satisfying orgasm.

The next moment I knew that Cindy was the one coming with the force of a volcano erupting — I couldn't mistake that Cockney accent!

"Push your tongue right inside me!" she yelled as the head at her cunt bobbed up and down faster and faster. "That's it, you French tart! Christ, you know how much I love you to lick out my pussy!"

Rochelle's legs were splayed wide apart, her bum cheeks just ten feet in front of me. I could see how her gaping cunt was wet with juices and one of her fingers was flashing up and down, working her clitty up into a

real lather. But her fingers couldn't work fast enough to give her satisfaction, as she was too busy concentrating on what her mouth was doing to get the rhythm right. She looked as if she needed some more help.

Before I could think, my tracksuit and undies were off, and I was on all fours behind Rochelle, smelling the cunt juices that were flowing freely just inches away. I felt a huge lurch of lust, and then I was down there, wildly tonguing her cunt, burrowing my nose right into her gorgeous pussy slit and lapping up her love juice as if my life depended on it.

I felt Rochelle heave a sigh of relief as my tongue stretched up her pussy hole as far as I could get it, teasing her pussy walls, and my fingers pulled her lips as far apart as they could get to allow me even greater access.

Cindy still hadn't realised that I was there, so intent was she on her own pleasure. Her legs were still wrapped firmly around Rochelle‘s neck, and she wasn't so much moaning now as yelling, as she came so many times that I lost count. She was yelling really dirty things, the kind of things I'd never expected to hear from a woman — but I wasn't shocked, I was more excited than I'd ever been.

Rochelle had come two or three times now, and my cunt was aching with the need to have an orgasm. I tried my fingers, but it was so wet and slippery inside my cunt that it was impossible to get a proper rhythm going. Rochelle stiffened slightly as I withdrew from her gaping pussy, but when she peeped over Cindy's mound and saw what I was doing, the horny look came back into her eyes.

Facing Rochelle, I knelt over Cindy's face and lowered my cunt over her open, gasping mouth.

Obviously I couldn't see what the expression was on Cindy's face as she felt a warm, wet pussy wriggling on top of her face, but I could guess that she must have opened her eyes in surprise, knowing that Rochelle was still ministering to her cunt. But I had to give her credit — she recovered remarkably quickly and the feeling of another girl's tongue lashing my clitty and really probing my cunt made me shake with longing.

"Make me come," I said out loud. "Just lick my cunt and make me come." Cindy certainly did that, really working her tongue inside me, rolling it up to make it almost as hard as a cock as she pushed it in and out of me. I lifted my hips and moved them up and down so that I could make believe that it really was a cock fucking me. I reached out at the same time and stroked Rochelle's head as she carried on fucking Cindy with her tongue.

Quite suddenly an almighty orgasm exploded in my cunt and I came more strongly than I'd ever done, panting and arching my back as the full force hit me. My boobs ached and tingled, and I reached up and played with my nipples, pinching and stretching them so that the tingles from my cunt spread all the way through my body. I never thought I'd experience something like this — and especially not with a woman's tongue fucking me.

There was only one way to come down from an orgasm like that — I collapsed forward and breathed quickly and deeply to get my wind back. Cindy was still underneath me doing the same, and through my half closed eyes I could see that Rochelle was lolling back on her elbows, her wet cunt still leaking love juice into a little wet patch between her thighs.

For several minutes none of us said anything. At first it was just because we were breathless, but as the silence lengthened I realised that Rochelle and Cindy didn't know what to say to me. I felt like an intruder. How could I explain my presence — or the fact that I'd stripped off and been wantonly and very fully fucked?

In the end it sounded a bit feeble. "I, er... Terry told me that I could use the games room any time... " I mumbled, not looking at either of the other two women. "I'm sorry if I interrupted you."

After a couple of moments Cindy spoke. "You didn't interrupt," she smiled, eyeing my trim but full figure. "Perhaps we'd better explain the household... situation."

Rochelle nodded in agreement as Cindy started speaking. She told me the set-up and I couldn't believe it. As she explained, she'd married Terry eight years before, when she'd been 20,

but very soon she'd realised her mistake.

"You see, there was no getting around the fact that I'm a dyke and always will be," she said matter-of-factly.

When she finally told Terry about her feelings — and the fact that she'd been having an affair with Terry's 25-year-old sister into the bargain — she'd expected him to go mad, but in fact he'd been secretly pleased. It emerged that he'd never really enjoyed actively participating in sex so much as watching other people fucking. And his favourite thing was to watch two women screwing each other senseless.

"It was such a relief for me when he told me that," Cindy said. "I'd never really fancied him, you know, so sex with him had always been a bit of a chore — but he's a great bloke and he was a good husband."

They'd had to do something about their sexual needs though. Obviously it wouldn't have been right for Terry to watch his own sister and his wife making love, but they soon came up with an idea that suited them both. Terry and Cindy got divorced, and then set out to find another partner to suit them both.

"All Terry said was that she had to look like me," Cindy explained, "because that's the type he goes for. I had to let him have his way — especially when he introduced me to Rochelle."

He'd met Rochelle in Paris when he was on business, and though Cindy hadn't met her before, he knew she was the right one. "I just wanted her straight away," Cindy said, reaching across to stroke Rochelle's smooth, naked thigh. "And you can see that she was perfect for Terry's... requirements."

So that was the reason that Terry's wife and his ex-wife looked like mirror images, and that they both lived in the same house. Strangely, I didn't have any misgivings about living at the centre of such a strange set-up. The idea really excited me.

"I take it that's why he took me on and wanted me to live in," I said slowly, everything fitting into place. "Because I look the part?"

"You'd better believe it," Cindy drawled.

A smile spread across my face. "Well, it looks like the two of you will have to give me some lessons then," I grinned.

We dressed slowly, my cunt and thighs aching from the treatment they'd had, my boobs still tingling as I put on my bra. Cindy led the way to the lounge at the back of the house, and we sat down with some drinks as Rochelle switched on the video.

"What's all this?" I questioned.

"Lesson number one," Rochelle smiled.

Then on the video came the steamiest film I'd ever seen. It was a home movie of the two of them, the screen filled with a close-up of two writhing bodies, two dripping cunts, two ecstatic faces as they writhed on top of a long, cream coloured, double ended dildo.

My hand went to my cunt to stroke my clitty through my knickers as the action hotted up to orgasm level. My knickers were soon soaking again, as I got more and more excited. If anything, I was feeling even hornier than before, watching Cindy and Rochelle acting out their own private blue movie on the screen.

Obviously Terry had been filming the action, as just as the two lesbian lovers climaxed, two or three thick wads of come hit them, splashing over their boobs and stomachs. The video ended with them rubbing the spunk into their soft skin, and then licking it off each other, just like a pair of cats.

Of course, well before the film had ended we were all stroking, kissing and masturbating each other like crazy on the huge sofa, our fingers and tongues getting everywhere. If possible my orgasm was even more forceful this time, as both Rochelle and Cindy licked out my cunt till I climaxed, their tongues taking turns inside my pussy and making me scream with pleasure.

I've been working for Terry — and working under his wife and ex-wife — for nearly 18 months now. He often films our lesbian romps, although we never know for sure when he's watching as he prefers to keep his distance. The only thing I'm wondering now is when I'll become Wife Number Three — and who he'll choose as his next 'secretary'! — *Lindsey, Northern England*

COUPLES CONFESS

Share and share alike! That's the idea of good group sex. And here in Couples Confess is where you share your dirtiest real life experiences with us.

I know that it's always a bad idea to get involved with anyone that you work with, but I just couldn't help myself — and now I've done it several times over. The point is, that I'm also getting fucked more than I ever have been in my life, and I don't know if I could do without it now.

I came over here about a year ago from Australia, and so when I started at my new job I was pretty nervous. I was in a different country, thousands of miles from my home and my friends, but the people I was working for in a large insurance firm were very friendly and it didn't take me long to settle in.

Soon one of the guys there, Jon, caught my eye. He was always flirting with me and making saucy remarks, and I found myself giving as good as I got, talking dirty to him in a jokey way and eyeing him up whenever I got the chance. One lunchtime I was talking to one of the other girls, Alison, and confessed to her that I really had the hots for Jon.

"We'll have to do something about that," she said with a smile.

I had no idea what she had in mind, but I had my suspicions a couple of weeks later when she invited me to a party at her house, to celebrate her live-in boyfriend's 30th birthday. She mentioned that a few people from the office would be there too, and told me to arrive about eight o'clock. "Oh, and don't wear too many clothes," she laughed. "My parties are notorious for getting very hot and noisy!"

I hoped that she'd invited Jon, but of course I didn't like to ask. The day of the party arrived and thinking about what Alison had said, I put on a skimpy pair of cut-off denim shorts, and a cropped velvet top that tied just under my boobs and thrust them out in front of me as I walked. With a high heeled pair of stilettos I really looked vampish — the only problem was that it was freezing cold outside, so I had to wear a long coat to travel to the party. I smiled to myself as I imagined the look on Jon's face if he was there and saw me arrive.

Alison opened the door to me, and winked. "I hope you've got your best party gear on," she grinned, "because Jon's been wingeing on about you not being here yet, Simone."

"Don't worry," I replied. "I think he'll be pleasantly surprised." At that point Alison's boyfriend Mick appeared to take my coat from me, and as I flung it off to reveal my outfit, they both gasped. Just about the whole of my midriff almost down to my pubic mound was exposed. I could see Mick's eyes almost popping out of his head as he saw how much I was revealing, and Alison grinned at me.

"I'd better warn Jon that you're here," she said as she disappeared into the kitchen.

The whole of the lounge, hall and stairway were full of people, all with drinks, and there was loud music coming from a record player. I guessed that Alison had gone towards the kitchen to find Jon, but at that moment he appeared from a corner of the lounge and touched my arm.

"You look fantastic, Simone," he said, handing me a drink. We started chatting but the way he was devouring my body with his hot glances made me certain that before long we'd be upstairs in one of the bedrooms.

I saw my chance and took it when Jon went upstairs to the loo. When he came out I made sure I was standing outside waiting for him. As I leaned against the door I could see the way his eyes were eating up my pert boobs, which were thrust out in front of me, and my long legs with the shorts cut so tight at the crotch that it was almost as if he was looking at my exposed pussy. I was determined that he soon would be!

I didn't have much choice in the matter anyway, as at

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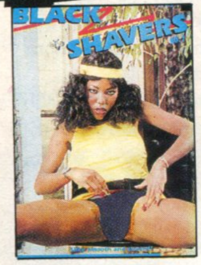

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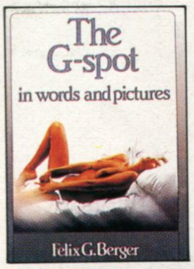

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City Trading Limited, Reg. Office, 547 Cranbrook Road, Ilford, Essex Reg. No: 2174586 that moment Jon just grinned at me before pressing his lips to mine in the most passionate and thorough kiss I'd ever experienced in my life. His tongue was so far back in my mouth I thought it would go all the way down my throat, and his hands were everywhere, but most importantly between my legs. He couldn't help but feel how hot and wet my cunt was.

"I think we ought to adjourn to somewhere a bit more private," he gasped, moving away from me slightly so that I could see the bulge in his trousers. It looked large enough to satisfy even me.

We stumbled towards the nearest door and almost fell inside, fondling each other all the time. As soon as we were inside the door my top was off and Jon was sucking on one of my nipples, bending down to nuzzle and tease it with his teeth as his hands undid my shorts and delved down to burrow into my luxuriant pubes.

"Christ, I can't wait to fuck you, Simone," he breathed as he pulled me across to the bed and switched the bedside lamp on. "You are one horny woman."

The next thing I knew he was on his back and I was straddling him, my shorts undone and pulled down at the front and gaping so that he could see my tiny red knickers and my hairy pussy. I was just inching my snatch towards his eager face when the door suddenly opened behind us.

"Is this a private orgy or can anyone join in?" Alison drawled as she sauntered in, closely followed by Mick.

To my amazement, Alison had started unbuttoning her tight dress as she walked in, while Mick was locking the door. "We don't want any unwanted guests, do we?" he said with a grin.

This was too good to miss. I knelt up and Jon yanked down my shorts and knickers and then pulled them right off — which meant I was lying on my back on the bed, legs splayed in the air, my wet, hot, juicy pussy gaping open for inspection.

"Before you boys get started, I think I ought to have first go," Alison laughed, standing there in just her frilly undies.

I suddenly felt more horny than I ever had in my entire life. "Be my guest," I replied, trying to sound cool but inwardly trembling with lust and excitement.

Alison knelt at the end of the bed and pulled me towards her, finishing with me with my legs draped over her shoulders and my cunt pressed right over her face as she knelt on all fours and started to lick me out.

As her tongue touched my swollen cunt lips I gasped with pleasure — and it just got better and better! Her tongue was stroking my inner pussy walls one minute, then teasing my hard and aching little clitty the next. I couldn't help myself; I writhed and moaned in sheer ecstasy as I came for the first time that night, my juices dripping out between my legs. And it just carried on — the longer Alison licked me out, the more intense my orgasms became.

Mick and Jon were just standing by watching this horny show we were putting on for them, but from the looks on their faces and the size of the stiff cocks they both had in their hands, they weren't going to be bystanders much longer.

Mick moved behind Alison and with one thrust he was inside her cunt. I could hear the squelch of juices, and she moaned with pleasure as he started to thrust his cock from side to side in her pussy. I couldn't see properly, but I think she was fingering her clitty as he started to fuck her hard and fast, fondling her dangling boobs as they swung in time with his fierce thrusts.

I didn't want Jon to be left out, so I beckoned to him to come across so that I could suck his cock. It took a bit of manoeuvring to get it at an angle on the overcrowded bed where I could get it into my mouth, but I managed to get a good couple of inches in for starters. I flicked my tongue across the throbbing tip of his cock as I sucked, and then began licking and rubbing his balls with my lips and tongue. Jon's balls were soon brushing against my chin as I took his big cock as far back into my mouth as I could manage.

He tasted wonderfully salty, and soon I was tasting

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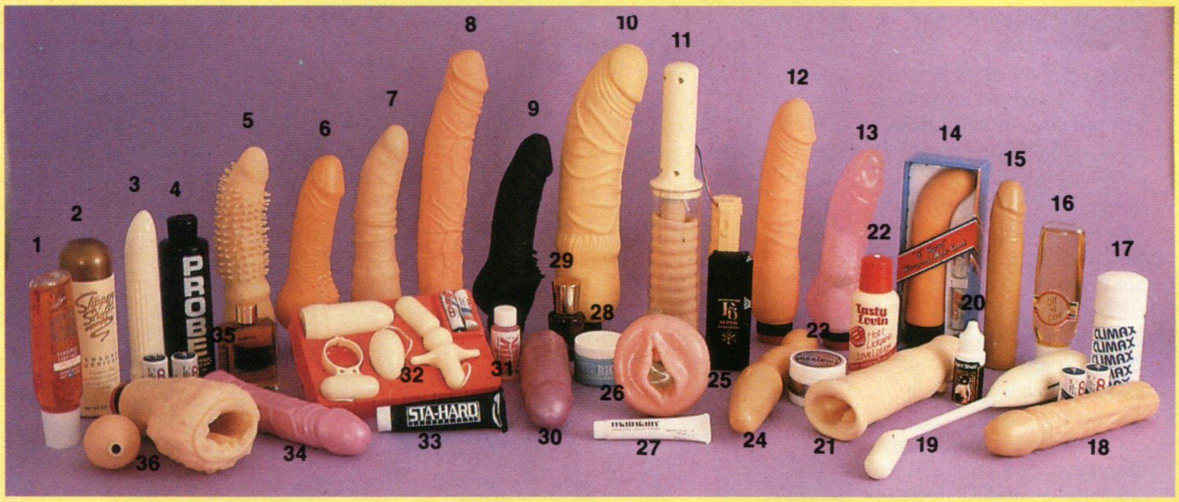

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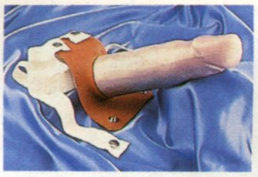

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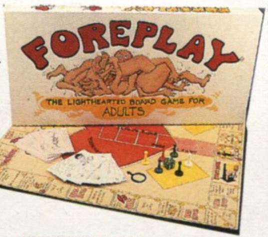

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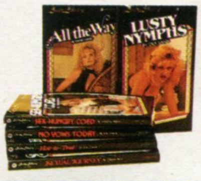

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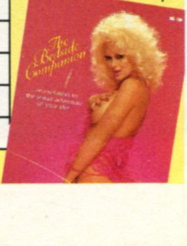

something even more delicious as I swallowed the hot, creamy load that he shot down my throat. I was just savouring the taste of it, my eyes closed with the pleasure of how dirty I was acting, when another cock was thrust between my lips.

Opening my eyes, I almost burst out laughing as I saw the ecstatic expression on Mick's face as he rode my mouth and I used my lips as a second cunt. Or at least, I might have laughed if the cock I was sucking hadn't been so fat and hard. I got pretty carried away again, sucking faster and faster as I thought about Alison and Jon watching me.

It wasn't long before another tasty load of spunk was shooting down my throat and I was swallowing it down eagerly. Then, as Mick moved away to catch his breath — he needed to, after the sucking I'd given him! — Alison inched her way up the bed, towards me. She was rubbing her wet pussy along my bare skin as she did so, making me tingle all over. Then, without warning, she plonked her soaking cunt over my face and wriggled.

I'd only tasted cunt once before, but this was better — she tasted so sweet I got horny all over again. I gently pulled her pussy lips apart with my fingers, then ran my tongue up and down over her clitty, over and over again, until she was moaning, and then I slid my tongue right into her hot cunt. That was obviously what she'd been dying for, as she went completely out of control, almost screaming with pleasure as she came.

I was delighted with her reaction, and I had absolutely no intention of stopping, especially when I glanced up at Mick and Jon, to see both of them wanking away like crazy, once again! I rolled Alison onto her back and carried on giving her pussy more of my attention, at the same time turning round so my juiced up cunt was over her face. She got the idea right away, and started licking at my pussy.

I almost felt jealous, as I thought of the treat she was getting — I have often tasted my own pussy juice and it's delicious! I was soon distracted from those thoughts though, as, at the same time as I was giving Alison the lick-out of her life, I felt Jon's long, slim cock slide into my wet cunt. Alison must have had a pretty good view, as Jon knelt behind me, probing my pussy with his cock, just above her face. She started giving me a running commentary, decribing the way Jon's hips were bumping against my mound as he gave me a very satisfying fuck. Mind you, her description was a bit confused, because each time I gave her cunt an extra good lick she totally lost concentration! I was matching my rhythm to Jon's, licking at Alison's pussy in time with his thrusts, and pushing back against him too as he pumped into me. Finally, the horny antics were too much for Jon, especially as Alison was describing his actions in such graphic detail, and he sprayed his white streams of come over my pubes while Mick applauded from the sidelines.

Mick's cock was like a flagpole by this time — not really surprising, considering the show he'd just seen — and he lay down on the bed, pulling Alison on top of him, so she was straddling his cock. The expression of bliss on his face as she sank down onto his weapon was matched by the ecstasy on hers as her cunt was filled up with prime cock. Apparently, though, that wasn't enough for him, as he grabbed hold of me and pulled me on top of him too. He got my pussy positioned over his face, and started licking every drop of come out of my cunt hole... which was quite a lot, by this time! I could feel Alison bouncing up and down on his cock, right behind me, and she reached round to play with my stiff nipples as I wriggled around over Mick's face. Jon was grinning up at me as I came again, closely followed by Alison, and then Mick shot another heavy load of spunk into her. The four of us were exhausted — and Mick had missed most of his own party!

Well, since then Jon and I have grabbed every spare minute we can to fuck each other bandy — the best one so far being in the Gents toilets at work! And let's just say that Alison and Mick have been hosting some very interesting parties lately! — *Simone, North London*♣

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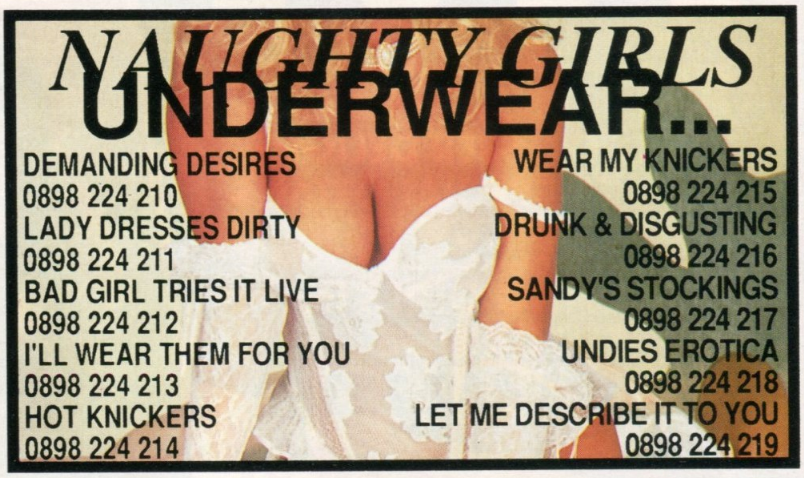

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between my cheeks 0898 224 263
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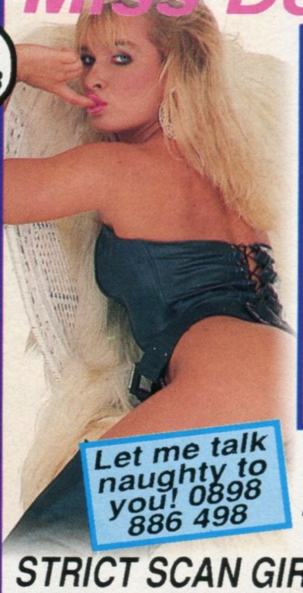

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Let me talk naughty to you! 0898 886 498
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STRICT SCAN GIRLS 0898 886 497
ADULT EROTICA 0898 886 499
Scandinavian Blue 0898 886 494
SWEDISH SEX CALLS! 0898 886 495
Danish girls dare to do it! 0898 886 493

"Secret recordings..."
7" DREAMS~0898 224 290
High~heeled fantasies 0898 224 291
LICK THEM CLEAN! 0898 224 292
TOY BOY TEASE! 0898 224 296
40 & FRUSTRATED! 0898 224 295
husband away... 0898 224 297
"I WANT TO GET INTO YOUR PANTS! CALL ME ON 0898 224 298"
Stiletto Sue 0898 224 294
HAPPY to be HEELED! 0898 224 293

THE HANDS OF EXPERIENCE!!! 0898 224 299

UP MY MINI~SKIRT ON 0898 224 269

DENMARK DIAL. P.O. BOX 272, LONDON, SW11. CALLS CHARGED AT 33p PER MIN. CHEAP RATE, 44p AT ALL OTHER TIMES. 20099/8/A.

GOBBLE GIRLS

I SWALLOW IT ALL	0836 404 816
MOIST SEX ACTION	0836 402 999
LESBIAN ORAL	0836 404 863
IN MY MOUTH	0836 404 857
I CAN TAKE THAT	0836 404 780

LESBIANS ONLY

LESBIAN FUN	0836 404 820
BLONDE PUSSYS	0836 402 998
SPECIAL NEEDS	0836 404 775
LESBIAN 69	0836 402 997
GIRLS LICKING	0836 404 796
I WANT A FINGER	0836 402 996
LESBIAN TART	0836 404 836

AFTER 12AM
SEX CLUB
0836 404 712
2AM SPECIALS
0836 404 721
24 HR SEX
0836 404 769

GAME WIVES

STRICT MISTRESS	0836 404 832
DEEP THROAT	0836 402 995
HUSBANDS AWAY	0836 404 792
PLAY WITH ME	0836 404 833
NYMPHO WIFE	0836 404 841
I NEED 10 INCHES	0836 404 799

CALLS CHARGED AT 33p CHEAP RATE 44p ALL OTHER TIMES FRANSTAR LTD 52 TOTTENHAM ST LONDON W1

FROM BEHIND	0836 402 699
RUB IT HARD	0836 402 687
LICKED LESBIAN	0836 402 683
I LOVE A LICKING	0836 402 762
BIG NIPPLES	0836 402 764

USE MY VIBRATOR	0836 402 579
JULIES STICKY FINGER	0836 402 751
LESBIAN CLIMAX	0836 402 698
WE MASTURBATE	0836 402 694
2 SHAVED BLONDES	0836 402 759
MY PANTIES ARE OFF	0836 402 790
TAKE IT LIKE A TART	0836 402 754

NICE WET FINGERS	0836 402 695
SHOW ME YOUR BANANA	0836 402 670
LESBIAN WIFE NEEDS IT	0836 402 578
I WANT TO SUCK	0836 402 595
SLIDE IT IN ME	0836 402 761
MOIST LIPS NOW READY	0836 402 591
I'LL MAKE IT GROW	0836 402 686
PLAY WITH MY BEAVER	0836 402 793

BLONDE 17 & A LESBIAN
0836 402 786

WIFE WITH HUGE TITS
0836 402 758

AFTER 12AM
0836 402 571

CALLS CHARGED AT 33p CHEAP RATE 44p ALL OTHER TIMES NORTHGLOW LTD PO BOX 24 TW8 9ES

ORAL SEX

SPURT IN MY MOUTH
0836 400 999

BEND ME OVER
I'M WET FOR YOU
0836 400 882

MY HUSBAND WATCHED ME COME WITH TWO FRIENDS
0836 400 733

THRUST ACTION
X RATED
0836 400 794

VIRGIN'S FIRST ORGASM
0836 400 834

SITTING ON YOUR XXXX
0836 400 783
HE WEARS MY PANTIES
0836 400 892
DEBEE ASHBY-DOGGY STYLE
0836 400 932

TIGHT WET RUBBER SEX
0836 400 787
40 YR OLD WANTS RUDE SEX
0836 400 797

LESBIANS HOUSEWIVES
ORGY
0836 400 811

I'LL MAKE YOU CUM
0836 400 762

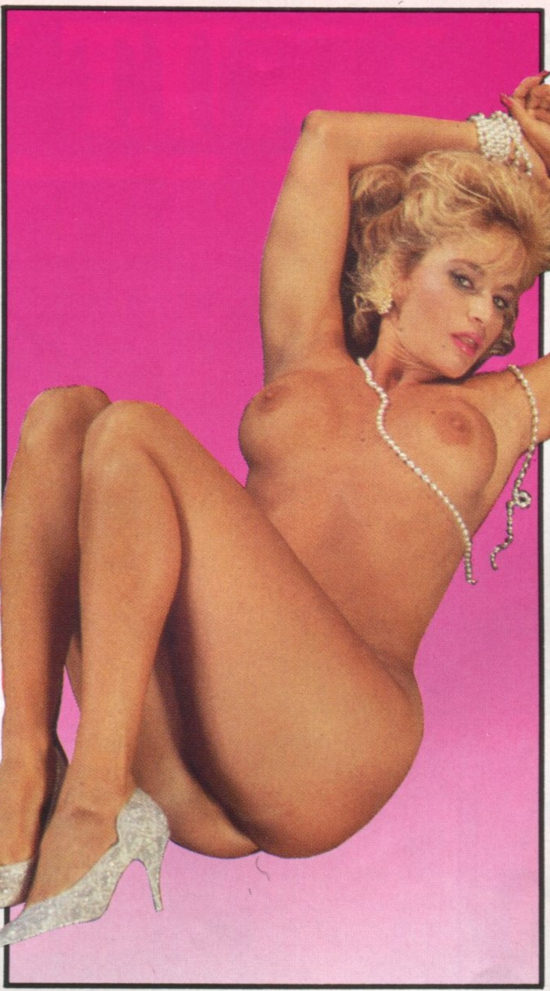
SARAH SUCKS AND SWALLOWS
0836 400 870
LESBIAN SHAVEN SEX
0836 400 768
READERS HORNY SEX CONFESSIONS
0836 400 851

LATE NIGHT SEX ACTION
AFTER 9PM 0836 400 850
AFTER 12AM 0836 400 826
AFTER 2AM 0836 400 821

HER FINGERS INSIDE MY DAMP PANTIES 0836 400 730

CALLS CHARGED 33P PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE 44P AT ALL OTHER TIMES BESTRICH LTD PO BOX 1073 LONDON W1

STOCKINGS & STRAPS 0898 777 951
SHEER SEXUAL DELIGHT! 0898 777 953
FISHNET FANTASIES... 0898 777 956
BANGED UP GOOD! 0898 777 960
KINKY CRUISING 0898 777 962
BE SILLY IN MY STOCKINGS 0898 777 957
HAWAIIN DESIRES 0898 777 963
RESTRICTIVE TRAINNING 0898 777 973
HEALTH FARM ORGY 0898 777 969
ESKIMO NELL 0898 777 966
XXX RATED KINKY LINE 0898 777 968
SP**KERS GUIDE 0898 777 971



LIPSTICK & HOT SMACKERS! 0898 777 950
FEEL MY BLACK STOCKINGS...0898 777 952
CLIMB MY LADDERS TO YOU KNOW WHERE ! 0898 777 954
SO TIGHT IN TIGHTS - SORT ME OUT... 0898 777 955
THE MILE HIGH CLUB - THIS IS WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO BIG BOY... 0898 777 961
ARABIAN NAUGHTY NIGHTS ! 0898 777 965
XXX - RATED STOCKINGS FETISH LINE...0898 777 958
CALL ME AND GET A GOOD SP**KING 0898 777 972
EGYPTIAN SEX DELIGHTS 0898 777 964
2 NAUGHTY GIRLS 0898 777 974
FOOLING ABOUT IN FLORENCE 0898 777 970
SEVEN UP FOR A GOOD TIME 0898 777 967
HOLIDAY HUMPING 0898 777 959

ELECTRIC *lines*

PO BOX 272, LONDON, SW11.CALLS CHARGED AT 33P PER MIN, CHEAP RATE, 44P ALL OTHER TIMES.

MY PANTIES ARE PARTED (Use your tongue and hear me moan) 0836 405 505

I WANT TO SIT ON IT 0836 405 515

LESBIAN SHAVING PARTY	0836 400 161
I'M ON ALL FOURS - xxxx ME	0836 405 510
ORAL SEX - SLIP BETWEEN MY LIPS	0836 405 501
EXPLICIT SEX LESSONS After 9PM	0836 404 446
I'LL SPREAD MY LEGS FOR YOU	0836 405 509
HORNY 18 YR OLD TALKS DIRTY	0836 405 512
CANED BY THE GYM MISTRESS	0836 405 504
TURN ME OVER I LIKE IT BETTER	0836 404 450
RUBBER & LEATHER ORGASM	0836 405 506
HE WORE MY PANTIES	0836 405 503
I'LL GO ALL THE WAY!	0836 400 111
UNZIP MY JEANS	0836 405 500

ME & MY NEIGHBOUR
(Inadequate Husband Watched)
0836 405 502

LATE NIGHT SEX TALK
After 9PM 0836 400 180
After 12AM 0836 400 130
After 2AM 0836 400 160

Unfaithful wife - lesbian & hetero SEX action
0836 405 507

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LEAH

JULIE

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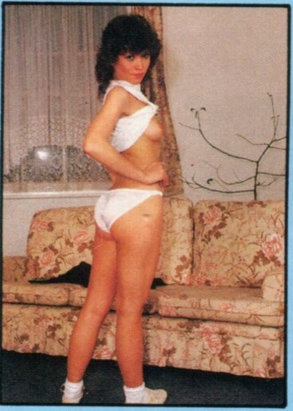
JOANNE

LUCY

DEBBYANNE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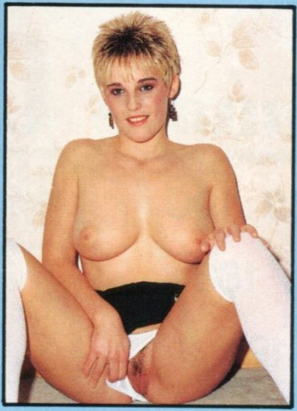
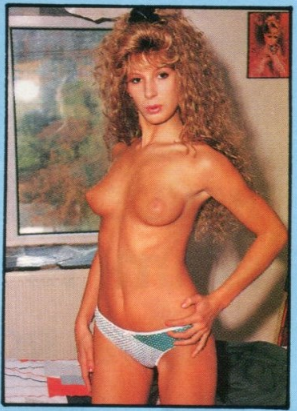

JANE

ROSEANNE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MOUTH TO XXX 0898 442 188

LESBIAN ROMP 0898 442 191

WET FANTASY 0898 442 189

DEBBIE DYKE
0898 442 187

MY WIFE & THE NEIGHBOUR
0898 442 807

ORAL SATISFACTION
0898 442 446

BEDROOM BONKING
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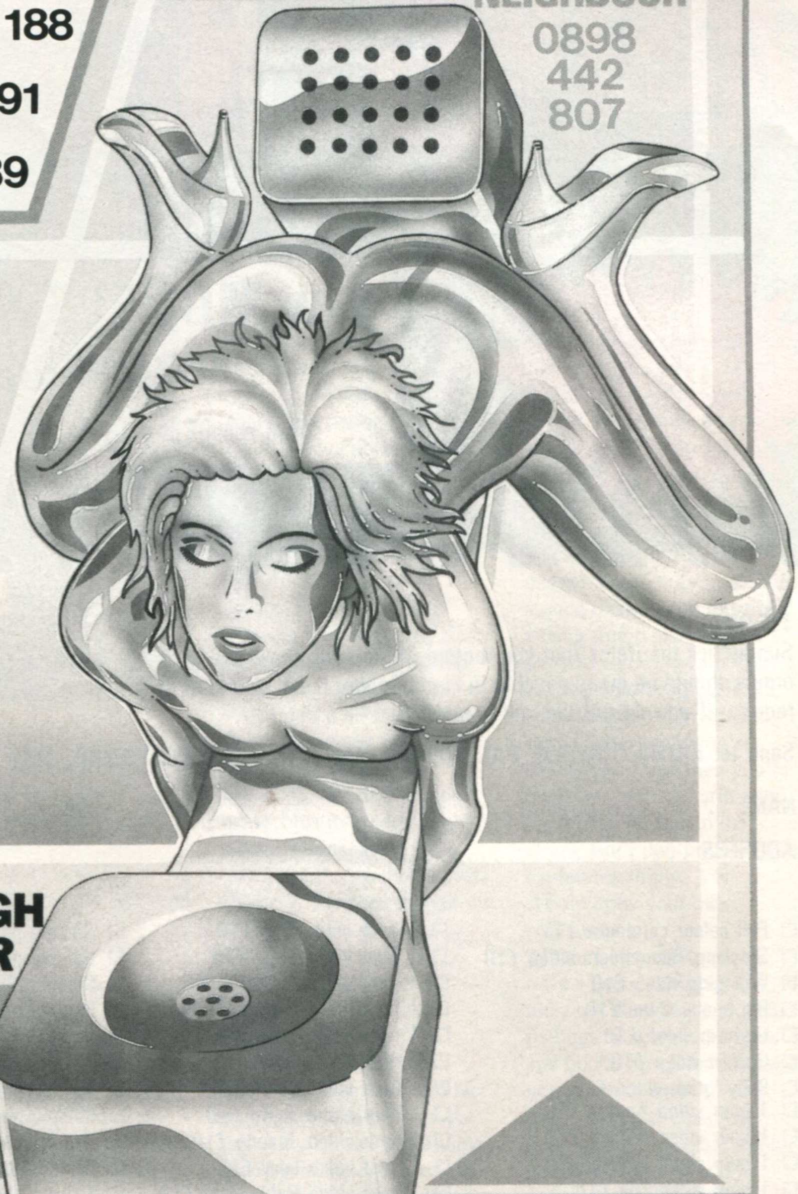
Stocking Top



VIBRATOR FUN
0898 442 486

PUNISHMENT LINE
0898 442 448

LUST OVER ME
0898 442 449

ROUGH RIDER
0898 442 450

ST GRID CALLS CHARGED AT 33p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 44p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES
P.O. BOX 242, LONDON SW15 2RJ.

THE HOTTEST SEX DIAL

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KNICKERLESS	0898 200928
RANDY HOUSEWIFE	0898 200929
REALLY DIRTY	0898 200931
PLAIN KINKY	0898 200932
BACK ALLEY SEX	0898 200936
DEEP THROAT	0898 200939
EXPLICIT ENCOUNTERS	0898 200944
TAKE MY WIFE	0898 200951
REALLY EROTIC	0898 200978
HUSBAND AWAY, RING ME	0898 200979
THE BITCH	0898 200989
HAND REARED	0898 200991
HORNY SEX	0898 200992
LICK SPECIAL	0898 200994
MASTURBATION	0898 200996
THINK DIRTY AND CALL ME	0898 200997
STRICTLY SEX	0898 200998
SEX PARTIES	0898 200999

CHARGES 33p MIN CHEAP 44p OTHER TC PO BOX 507 BS99

TARA

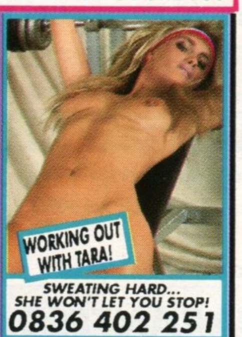
WARNING: XXXRATED!

I'M DOING IT JUST FOR YOU! CALL ME ON **0836 402 250** AND HEAR MY KINKIEST SECRETS!

Tara rides the chauffeur! 0836 402 255 Tara gets a lickin' from the boss! 0836 402 256 Tara's college days...explicit antics in the dorm on 0836 402 257 Tara scouts for trouble... 0836 402 258 Tara's deep scr*w! Dial 0836 402 259 for a blow-by-blow account! Deep throated joy! 0836 402 260 Demanding sexual extras! 0836 402 261 Lick my lips... 0836 402 262

"I'M TURNED ON... CALL ME UP AND DO YOUR THING! 0836 402 264

I LOVE LARGE ONES! ALL BIG BLOKES CALL 0836 402 263 FOR REAL SATISFACTION!



WORKING OUT WITH TARA!

SWEATING HARD... SHE WON'T LET YOU STOP! 0836 402 251

HOT'N'STICKY INSIDE TARA'S JEANS... 0836 402 252

TARA AND THE MECHANIC GET TO GRIPS WITH EACH OTHER ON THE GARAGE FLOOR! DIAL 0836 402 254 FOR ALL THE EXPLICIT DETAILS AS THEY HAPPEN! ADULTS ONLY!

I'LL DROP MY KNICKERS FOR YOU ON 0836 402 253

ELECTRIC lines
P.O.BOX 272,
LONDON SW11.

CALLS CHARGED AT 33p PER MIN. CHEAP RATE, 44p ALL OTHER TIMES. DM/900/3/C

ELECTRIC lines

P.O.BOX 272, LONDON SW11.

WARNING! STRICTLY ADULTS ONLY! EXTREMELY EXPLICIT & SHOCKING!

I'm so frustrated I need to get on top of the situation- know what I mean?! Get what you deserve on **0836 402 225**

I need satisfying- call me and I'll tell you how I like it! You'll be coming (back) again and again!**0836 402 226**

Let me tease you till it's too *hard* to resist me!Get kinky on the phone **dial 0836 402 227**

Young professional lady requires clients with *special* needs beyond the norm!(I'll do what the wife won't do...)**call me on 0836 402 228**

Wild passionate woman loves doing it while on the phone! Call and hear what she gets up to! **0836 402 229**

London's most famous lady of the night- you've had the rest, now *have* the best! All tastes are catered for- no experience necessary! **0836 402 230**

"I'm absolutely *desperate* for a really good seeing to- if you think you've got the ****, get yourself ready and call me on **0836 402 231"**

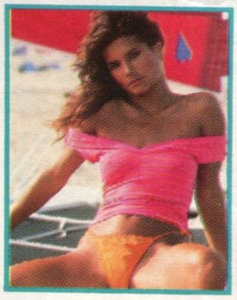
Yuppie nympho in the jacuzzi, on the leather sofa, in the back of a sports car,- come for a ride with me! **0836 402 233**

Lavicious lusty lady lays around, waiting for your call on **0836 402 234**

PSSST!! let me tell you my most private secrets- guaranteed to get you off! **0836 402 235**

Amazing sexual feats you'd never believe possible from this angle- for a vivid description dial **0836 402 236**

I went to my first orgy last night - call me and I'll tell you how it went! **0836 402 237**



Young lady tells you about her very first time- this is red hot sex on **0836 402 238**

I'll dress up so horny for you, you'll be *coming* back for more and more! **0836 402 239**

"Call me only if you dare!" The Duchess of Dom commands you to call her on **0836 402 232**

I got helplessly groped! and I loved every minute! In fact I'm getting damp just waiting to tell you about it! Dial **0836 402 240 for the explicit details!**

Teasing teacher! For sex lessons from an experienced matron, all willing students dial **0836 402 241**

My husband made me do it! He said I wouldn't dare- but I did! Get the details in **0836 402 242**

Oral experience- I'll mouth it off for you on **0836 402 243**

Lay still and be laid by the loveliest ladies you've ever had! **0836 402 244**

Nice and stiff that's how I like it! If you fit the description, call me and fit it into my description! **0836 402 245**

Let me make it grow! explicit details on how to keep it up'n'at'em all night long!**0836 402 246**

Total temptation nearly nude tasty tarts talk you off over the phone on **0836 402 247**

Debbie's Dirty Deeds -she performs anytime, anywhere! call **0836 402 248** for the most explicit chat on your dial!

College girl games- join in the fun if you like *it* in groups! **0836 402 249**

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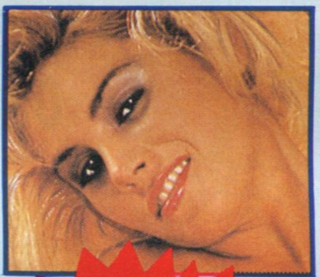

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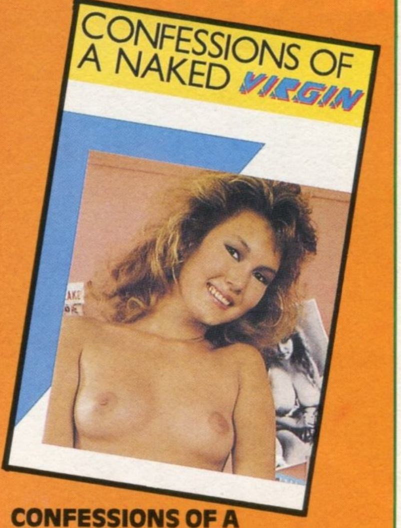

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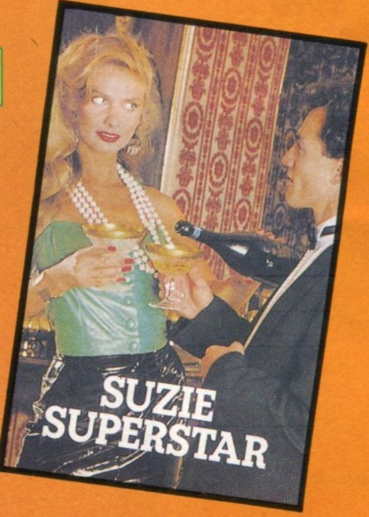

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Tami

Photographs by Scott Evans

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my travels," added our altruistic sex star who found fame and fortune in flicks like Coming Of Age *and* Good Things Come In Small Packages. *"In fact there's only one thing that all those dicks have got in common — they all like to get sucked, especially you Brits!"*

Isn't this where we came in? ♣

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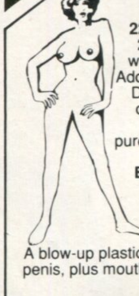

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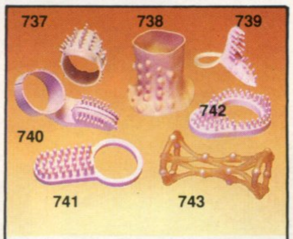

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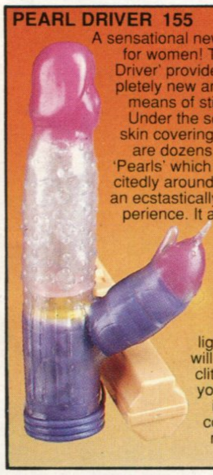

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184

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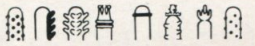

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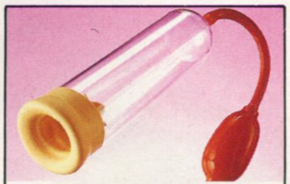

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NYMPHO wants sex. Call now. 0836 403 722.

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LIFT my skirt and slide my white lacy panties down slowly. 0836 403 725.

GIRL, good looking, small breasts, wants two men to join her fantasy. 0836 403 726.

VERY naughty air hostess seeks man friend for really horny sex. Will wear my uniform if it turns you on. 0836 403 727.

CAMERA owner? Pretty model poses glamour, nude, fantasies. 0836 403 728.

TWO young female Swedish students (just 18) touring UK want free bed and breakfast on their travels. Willing to pay in kind. Call 0836 403 729.

18 YR old deliciously naughty college girl seeks headmaster figure for dormitory spanking sessions. 0836 403 730.

BISEXUAL lady (28) with younger girlfriend urgently wants a super stud to at out her fantasies with. Girlfriend to watch. Possibility of threesome. Dial 0836 403 731.

43 YEAR old housewife, enormous breasts, brunette, loves wearing stockings and suspenders, will give sex education lessons to young men in exchange for a few little jobs around the house. Telephone 0836 403 732.

HELP! Plain but energetic girl (23) desperately wants older man (or couple) for sex tuition. No weirdo's. I want to try everything. Phone. 0836 403 733.

WANTED! Well hung men for sex video. No time wasters, call anytime 0836 403 734.

RELAXING soothing blow job. 0836 403 735.

SPORTSGIRL has used blue knickers. Masturbation lovers only phone. 0836 403 736.

ATTRACTIVE lady (29), understanding husband, seeks physical men for sexy fun and recreation. No weekends. Phone 0836 403 737.

DRIVE me wild in bed. Divorcee 26 years. 0836 403 738.

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LARGE breasted busty female seeks shy young man to teach about sex. Call 0836 403 740.

TWO young female students, very tanned, very physical, very poor, want young man (or men) to entertain them. if we like you we can be really dirty. Please phone, evenings only. 0836 403 741.

HOUSEWIFE with plenty of free time (36) wishes to meet man for all sorts of sexy fun. Must be discreet. Your place only. Big men ring 0836 403 742.

FRENCH au pair seeks English men for sex fun. Weekends only but call anytimne on 0836 403 743.

BROADMINDED divorcee (28) seeks horny single men or couples for sex an mutual satisfaction. Ring. 0836 403 744.

LESBIAN couple who may be bi-sexual seek large hung man to give pleasure, or just to watch, call on 0836 403 745.

VIRGIN 19, needs kind considerate experienced man. Please help me. 0836 403 746.

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DRIPPING with money. Rich girl, single, tall, slim but curvey, wants a man for good physical sex. Call Jessica. 0836 403 748.

RANDY mother and daughter want a sexy threesome with any well built stud who calls 0836 403 749.

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CLAIRE

ARINA

ANNABELLA

SELINA

anita

Photographs by Tim O'Brien

Anita is an artist's assistant in Manchester so she was a natural when it came to posing nude. She was also keen to paint you a little picture of her private life so you can get to know her personality as well as you know her body. "I live in a little flat in the centre of town," whispered 22-year-old Anita in an accent that betrayed her public school education. "I share it with my pussy cat, Picasso, and occasionally a lucky fella or two..."

This is getting interesting.

"I'm not shy about admitting that I love sex. But when I meet a guy I'm not a great one for going to nightclubs with him, I'm afraid. I like to take him out for a meal and talk; find out what makes him tick... and what turns him on. I'm a great believer in getting a guy to share all his sexiest secrets with me before we get into bed. That way I don't waste time massaging his back when he'd really like me to be sucking his willy! Ooh and you all thought I was such a shy girl!"♣

COMING IN

club

TAKE THE MICKEY

If you read the results of our Girl of the Year poll on page 32 (well, why not?) you'll know that Michaela Dawn here is one of our highest-rated ladies of 1990. But believe us, she looks hornier than ever in 1991 — as you can see for yourself next month! ♣

Volume 20 Number 2 — on sale January 31

Get up at the crack of Dawn...

IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 43

The Main Event

I've recently met an extremely attractive and horny lady who has, over the last few months, tried to seduce me at every opportunity. I thought Club readers might appreciate sharing the experience — I know I'll enjoy telling you about it!

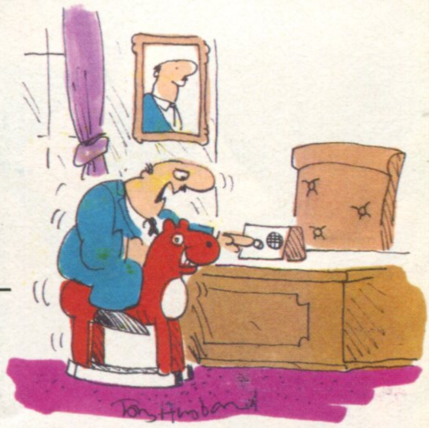
I first met Nina at the airport. We were working together on a series of promotional events around the country, and I was quite delighted at the thought that I'd see her several times over the following weeks.

It was obvious from the moment I first saw her that she was a very sexy lady. She has a wicked smile, a great figure, and a very flirtatious nature. On that first day she was wearing a really tight outfit with a short skirt, and I couldn't tear my eyes away from her tasty round bum, which wiggled provocatively as she walked.

That evening, over dinner, I sat next to her. Within an hour, she'd managed to let slip that she never wore underwear. Of course, I knew that she'd deliberately let me hear, and I'm sure the growing bulge in my trousers did not go unnoticed by her.

During the next two events that we worked on together, Nina became more and more flirtatious, and I became more and more certain that I wanted to fuck her. She seized every chance to be near me, and a couple of times I was able to confirm her claim that she never wore knickers, as her short skirt rode up to reveal a gorgeous hairy pussy. She would open her legs for a second, to let me catch a glimpse of what she knew I was aching for.

On the fourth event, after a dinner full of sexual innuendo and one or two pats on the thigh, Nina said she was off to bed. I turned in myself quite soon, contemplating another night full of Nina-filled fantasy. I had just stripped off down to my boxer shorts when there was a quiet knock on the door. To my great delight, it was Nina.



Not now Miss Whitworth, I'm thinking

She looked absolutely stunning, in a flimsy dress that left little to the imagination. She made no excuses for coming to my room so late, just walked in, sat on the bed, and lifted her dress up to her chin.

"Now do you believe me?" she laughed. As usual, she was totally naked underneath, and now that I'd got my first lingering look at that sweet pussy I knew I had to lick it! Pulling Nina right onto the bed with me. She was already getting wet as I pushed my tongue right into her tight hole and started licking out her juice until she came.

Nina lay back, flushed and dazed, and fixed those naughty eyes on me as she said, "Fuck me, please. I've waited for this too long..."

I pulled off her dress to reveal her fantastic tits, as she took down my boxers, freeing my rock hard cock. She began to rub it as I sucked at her firm nipples. Then she licked along my throbbing shaft a couple of times before pulling me on top of her.

She was so wet that my cock slid straight into her pussy, right to the hilt. I didn't think I could hold on for long, with that gorgeous woman wrapped around my cock!

I'd never felt anything like it in my life! As she rocked her hips faster and faster I could feel the spunk boiling up inside me, and the feeling as I shot right into her was unbelieveable!

We spent the rest of that night together, and I'm sure the other people in our working party must have wondered why we were both so tired the next day! — *Jack, Hertfordshire* ♣

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

***This issue was brought to you with :* the letter S, the number 7 and the word 'Arboreal'. *Our extra special cuddly wuddly thanks go out to:* Derby County F.C., (in particular the number 11 with the big nose), Winter Warmer Bitter, Yogi & Manesh (surely the best stand up duo since Pete & Dud), Alfred the pet rock, Jacques Delors, own goals by John Brown (Glasgow Rangers FC) and Vinny Jones (Sheffield United), Nanci Griffiths, Eastbourne's Electoral Returning Officer, The Parks Department of Penicuik, but most all of all you, yes you, (and you trying to hide over there in the corner) for reading this completely inane and inconsequential piece of journalistic claptrap that we've written here because we couldn't fit in a picture of a pair of big tits. (*Well you could have put in a picture of some* small *tits then couldn't you — Ed*). ♣**

FINAL SCORE

Twenty jobs that you'd sit through a whole episode of Neighbours for — brought to you by Club's very own careers officer **Gazza Job**.

1. *British film censor:*
Advantage: You can see all the filthy, squelchy bits nobody else is allowed to see.
Disadvantage: Costs you a fortune in Kleenex.

2. *Quality controller in a chocolate biscuit factory:*
Advantage: Yummm!
Disadvantage: None.

3. *Warren Beatty's knob:*
Advantage: Pretty obvious really.
Disadvantage: Standing to attention for hours on end.

4. *Wendy James' gym coach.*
Advantage: Seeing her 'bits' wobble.
Disadvantage: You have to talk to her.

5. *Maria Whittaker's chest specialist:*
Advantage: You get to touch her prize guys.
Disadvantage: You always have your hands full.

6. *The saddle on Victoria Principal's exercise bike:*
Advantage: Millimetres from Heaven.
Disadvantage: Breathing difficulties.

7. *The Editor of Club:*
*Advantage:*Hundreds of naked sex-hungry women around all the time.
Disadvantage: Lying about the above.

8. *Lollipop man:*
Advantage: You don't have to start till you're 65.
Disadvantage: It's fucking boring.

9. *Fly on the wall:*
Advantage: Perving opportunities.
Disadvantage: Flies don't have knobs.

10. *Referee in mud/jelly wrestling competition:*
Advantage: Getting to grips with two naked mud/jelly smothered females.
Disadvantage: Who cares?

11. *Madonna's confessional priest:*
Advantage: Make a fortune out of selling the stuff to the papers.
Disadvantage: Long hours.

12. *Imelda Marcos's cobbler:*
Advantage: Never out of work.
Disadvantage: She's a cunt.

13. *Running chocolate vending machines on station platforms:*
Advantage: Making money without having to part with any goods.
Disadvantage: You're a criminal.

14. *Kicker in American football:*
Advantage: Getting paid $1,000,000 for two minutes work.
Disadvantage: Possibility of getting sat on by an 18 stone meat-head.

15. *Gigolo:*
Advantage: Getting paid to fuck someone.
Disadvantage: I'll let you know.

16. *Page Three photographer:*
Advantage: Getting to look at Gaynor Goodman's good bits, and keeping the pictures afterwards.
Disadvantage: Camera shake

17. *Changing room attendant at Top Shop lingerie department:*
Advantage: Live peep show.
Disadvantage: Having to wear baggy trousers.

18. *Demi Moore's masseur:*
Advantage: Getting to touch her wobbly bits.
Disadvantage: Bruce Willis is a hard bastard.

19. *Sperm donor:*
Advantage: Getting paid to tug yourself off.
Disadvantage: RSI (Repetitive Strain Injury).

20. *Prince of Wales:*
Advantage: Princess Di.
Disadvantage: Every other relative.

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